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DECEMBER 5, 1986

Joseph Sobran
SOCIALISM'S FINEST
—Page 50

NATIONAL REVIEW

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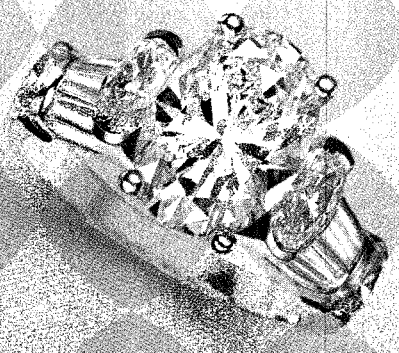

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NATIONAL REVIEW

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VIGILANTE

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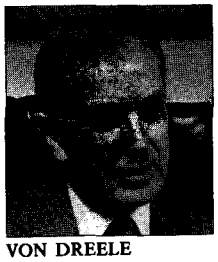
VON DREELE

THE WAR ON DRUGS

26 How the Narcs Created Crack
The anti-drug crusaders won't tell you this, but the current crack epidemic is just one more example of the iron law of prohibition: the harder law-enforcement officials crack down on drugs, the more potent black-market drugs become. *Richard C. Cowan*

31 Reaganites at Risk
Reaganites have gleefully hopped aboard the anti-drug bandwagon. The American people don't like drug abuse, but the current campaign may backfire, because this time genuine civil liberties are at stake.
Richard Vigilante

ARTICLES & COLUMNS

24 Women Pols
As the November 4 election shows, women are running for office in record numbers. The good news is that most of the best ones are Republicans. *John McLaughlin*

36 Love before the Ruins
Christian and post-Christian men think of paganism at its bloody worst, but in Bali, paganism wears a smiling face.
Richard Brookhiser

38 London's Bigger Bang
In Britain, the new stock-market reforms open up a world of opportunity. The Old Guard sniffs, the Young Turks hustle, and a civilization is gone with the wind.
Anthony Lejeune

46 Policy by Pathology
Sex clinics in schools are just one example of the way government seeks to displace, rather than assist, troubled families.
Richard John Neuhaus

BOOKS ARTS & MANNERS

48 **James Hitchcock** calls Andrew Greeley's *Confessions of a Parish Priest* a bold and fearless flight of self-flattery. . . . In *Hard Right: The Rise of Jesse Helms*, says **Henry Klingeman**, Ernest B. Furgurson has swelled the standard liberal anti-Helms refrain to three hundred pages. . . . *Socialism: The Grand Delusion*, by Brian Crozier and Arthur Seldon, makes the point that, unlike socialist central-planning bureaucrats, the market cares. **Joseph Sobran** applauds. . . . In World War II, Poland lost six million people—half of them Jewish, half Christian. Richard C. Lukas's *The Forgotten Holocaust: The Poles under German Occupation 1939-1944* documents Poland's tragedy, and **David Rooney** says, Bravo! . . . **Jeffrey Hart** is grateful for David Nichols's *Ernie's War: The Best of Ernie Pyle's World War II Dispatches*, which revives the memory and literary genius of a national hero. . . . **Jeffrey Meyers** finds *Extraordinary Lives*, edited by William Zinsser, a worthy idea, banally executed. . . . T. R. Pearson's novel *Off for the Sweet Hereafter* is just a swampful of boors, says **George McCartney**. . . . **D. Keith Mano** introduces the Victim-of-the-Month Club.

6 LETTERS
12 FOR THE RECORD
14 THE WEEK
42 hello
44 ABROAD
58 THE RIGHT BOOKS
60 ON THE RIGHT
66 TRANS-O-GRAM

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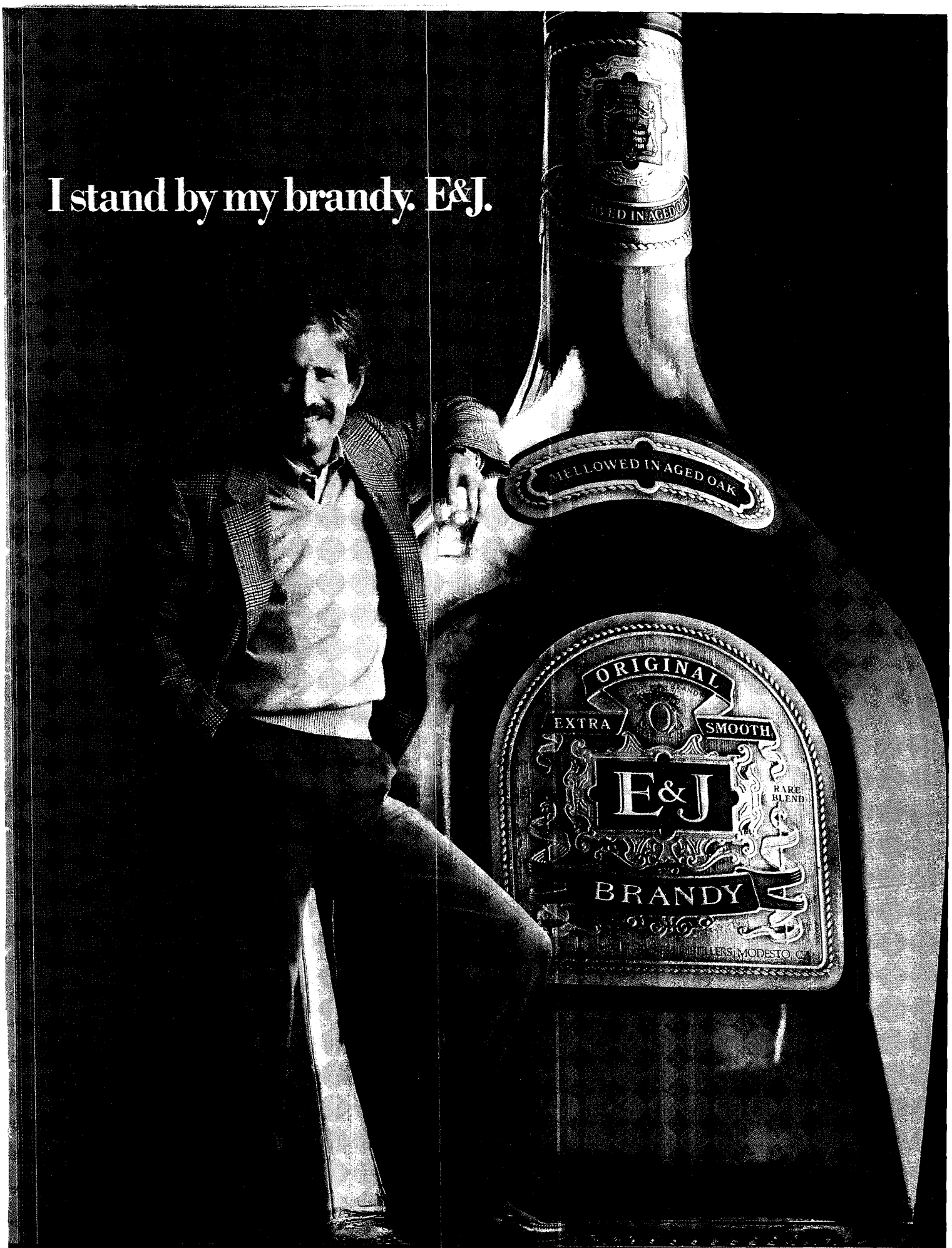

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LETTERS

Gilded Page

At first I was scared to plunge into yet another article on a subject that can bring out the tedium in most writers, the gold standard. Thankfully, Lewis Lehrman's case for gold [Nov. 21] was more literate than most, and one part of his main point was very clear: namely, that rolling back protectionism is futile unless accompanied (or in fact preceded) by radical monetary reform.

However, by putting in a good word for Bretton Woods in his first paragraph, Mr. Lehrman may have obscured the second part of his point, namely that a halfway gold standard (like the one set up in Bretton Woods) will never do. All too often, tool capitalists like the Forbes clan pine for a return to Bretton Woods. The Master, Henry Hazlitt, has shown us how that infamous, Keynes-dominated conference of 1944 is in fact the cause and not a solution of our current crisis. I wish Mr. Lehrman had hammered on that point earlier and harder.

Richard Tate
Boston, Mass.

Closet Conservative

I can't agree with your editorial "Razing Kean" [Oct. 24], which characterizes New Jersey Governor Tom Kean as a liberal practitioner of "Republican me-tooism."

In his 1981 campaign, Tom Kean was an enthusiastic backer of the Reagan tax cut. Since becoming governor, he has cut five major taxes and instituted an urban-enterprise-zone program that is the most successful in the country.

He reappointed Chief Justice Wilentz because, despite substantive disagreements, he felt Wilentz was judicially qualified. Using the same criterion, he supported the Rehnquist nomination and attacked Democrats for judging that nomination on ideology instead of judicial ability.

This is a governor who campaigned for and signed into law the death penalty. He also backs SDI, and argues for more Contra aid. The suggestion that he is a closet Weicker is unfair: He is the most conservative governor New Jersey has had in at least three decades.

Jeffrey Bell
Alexandria, Va.

Too Little, Too Late

Jeffrey Hart's "Death of Truth" [Nov. 7] has a ring of truth to it; but to say that most academic paleontologists remained silent for political reasons is incorrect, as shown by Malcolm Browne's "Dinosaur Experts Find Meteorite View Political" (*New York Times*, Nov. 9, 1985), which cites the fact that 96 per cent of the vertebrate paleontologists polled at a conference stated publicly that they did not believe that extraterrestrial impact had caused extinction of the dinosaurs. Others of us have opposed the asteroid many times at scientific meetings. On the other hand, several editors and journalists have publicly promoted the asteroid, some even ridiculing its paleontological opponents. Where was Mr. Hart when we needed the help of responsible, unbiased journalists?

Dewey M. McLean
Professor of Geology
Virginia Polytechnic Institute
Blacksburg, Va.

Was Darwin a Dodo?

As a practicing paleontologist (PhD Yale, 1985), I am writing to correct some recent distortions in my field by two of your contributors. In the August 29 issue of *NR*, Tom Bethell enthusiastically embraced Michael Denton's book, which carefully outlines the supposedly woeful state of evolutionary theory. Mr. Bethell quotes heavily from Colin Patterson, a senior paleontologist at the British Museum, the only person with recognized credentials who is actually against evolution. Dr. Patterson is a staunch believer in cladistics, which, in its most virulent form, discards the fossil record completely. Like true skeptics, the cladists do not concede a fact unless their own eyes perceive its occurrence. If species A occurs just below species B in a rock layer, no one saw B evolve from A, so it must not have happened. By this logic, one can prove almost nothing. Over 99 per cent of all species that have ever existed are now extinct; what fragments remain lie in the fossil record. Many, many of these fossil species are closely related and have clearly evolved from one another; very few competent scientists deny that. We do disagree over details of *how* evolution occurred but not that it did.

Journalists are intrigued by the inevitable "fringe people" that cluster on the periphery of every profession. And while one oddball just might have something

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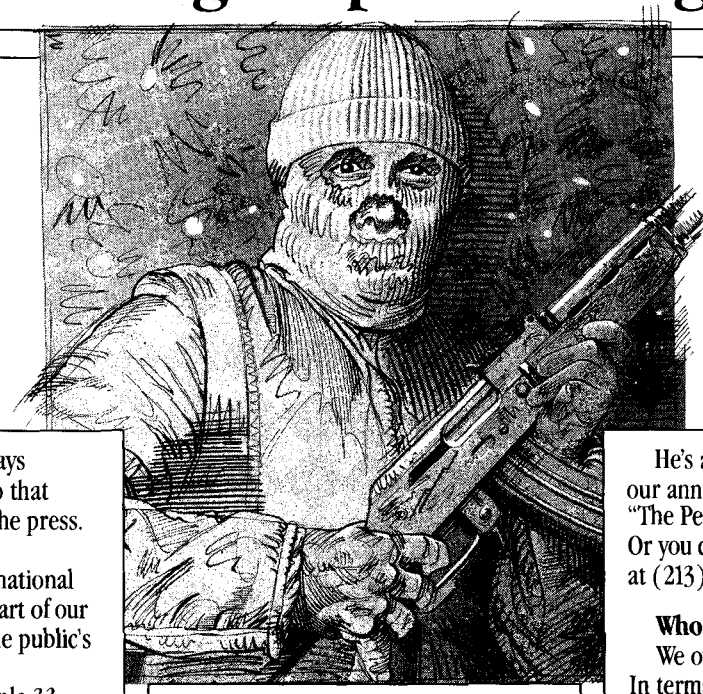
"The People & The Press," Part 2

Is he holding the press hostage, too?



Terrorists almost always seek publicity, and to that end they try to use the press. Do they succeed?

We asked Gallup to ask a national sample of Americans. It was part of our ongoing investigation into the public's attitudes toward the press.

All told, Gallup asked people 33 questions about their views of press coverage of terrorism. Here's how they responded.

Ambivalence about terrorist coverage generally:

% National Sample Who Think:

Press coverage of terrorists serves public interest: 65%
23% — harms it

Press coverage of terrorists is very/mostly satisfactory: 61%
37% — very/mostly unsatisfactory

Press gives terrorists too much coverage: 51%
7% — too little
40% — right amount

Very likely terrorists acts would occur regardless: 28%
39% — fairly likely
24% — not too likely

TV coverage good or excellent: 75%
— print coverage 74%

Press coverage increases sympathy for terrorist cause: 29%
14% — reduces it
48% — has no effect

Press coverage increases chances of future terrorist acts: 60%
7% — reduces chances
21% — has no effect

Press coverage increases hostages' time in captivity: 44%
13% — reduces it
27% — has no effect

Press coverage makes hostages safer: 33%
25% — less safe
28% — has no effect

Good marks for coverage of terrorist incidents:

Incident	*% Rating Coverage Excellent Or Good*
TWA Flight 847 Hijacking	80
Achille Lauro Hijacking	80
Pan Am Flight 73 Hijacking	72

Concern that terrorists manipulate the press.

When asked why the press sometimes doesn't cover terrorist incidents well, 52% said that terrorists' ability to manipulate the press was a major factor.

What we think these findings mean:

(1) You and your fellow citizens find terrorism as difficult a subject to deal with as we in the press do;

(2) You want us to continue to provide full coverage of terrorist incidents, but you'd like it to be more restrained, "quieter";

(3) You want us to be especially careful not to let terrorists use us to help them gain their objectives.

What do you think?

Your views will help us serve our readers and viewers better. Send them to our chairman, Robert Erburu, Times Mirror, Times Mirror Square, Suite 100, Los Angeles, CA 90053.

He's also the person to write for our annual report or a summary of "The People & The Press, Part 2." Or you can call our public affairs people at (213) 972-3946.

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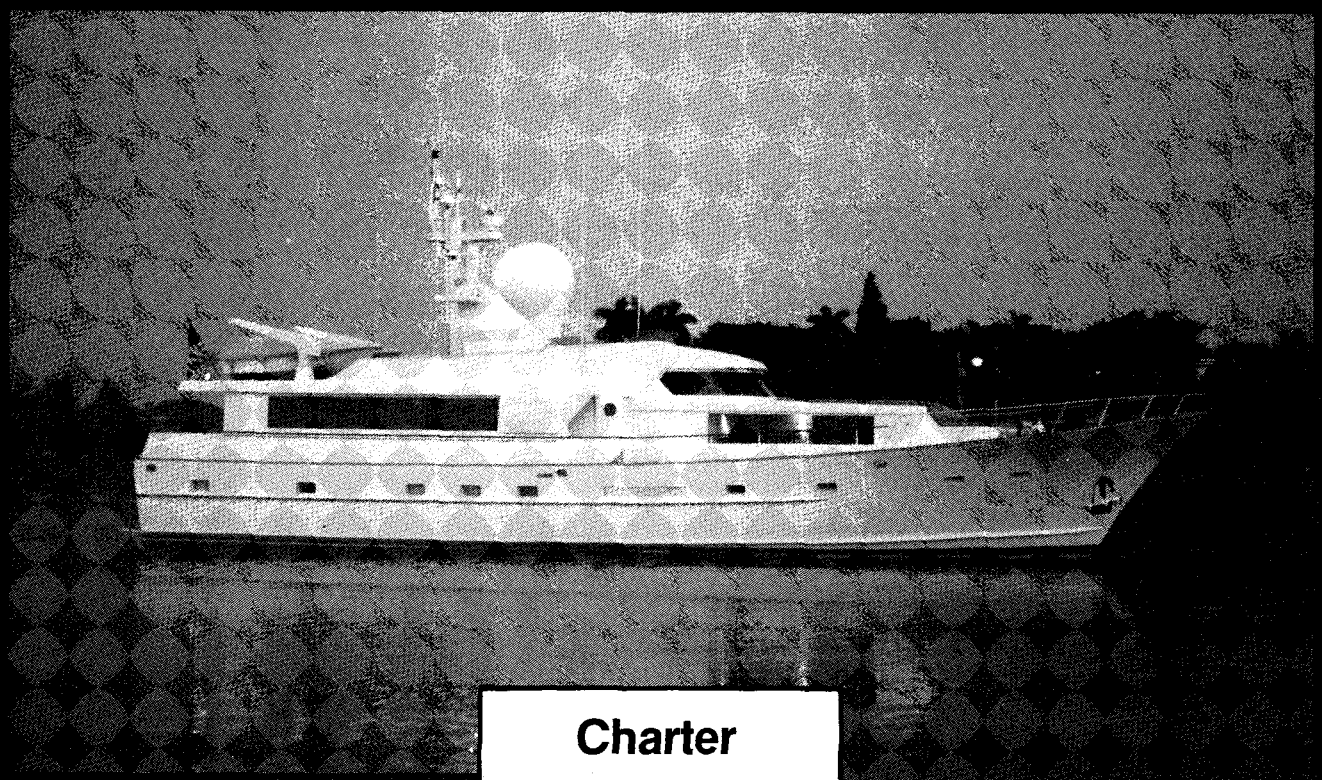

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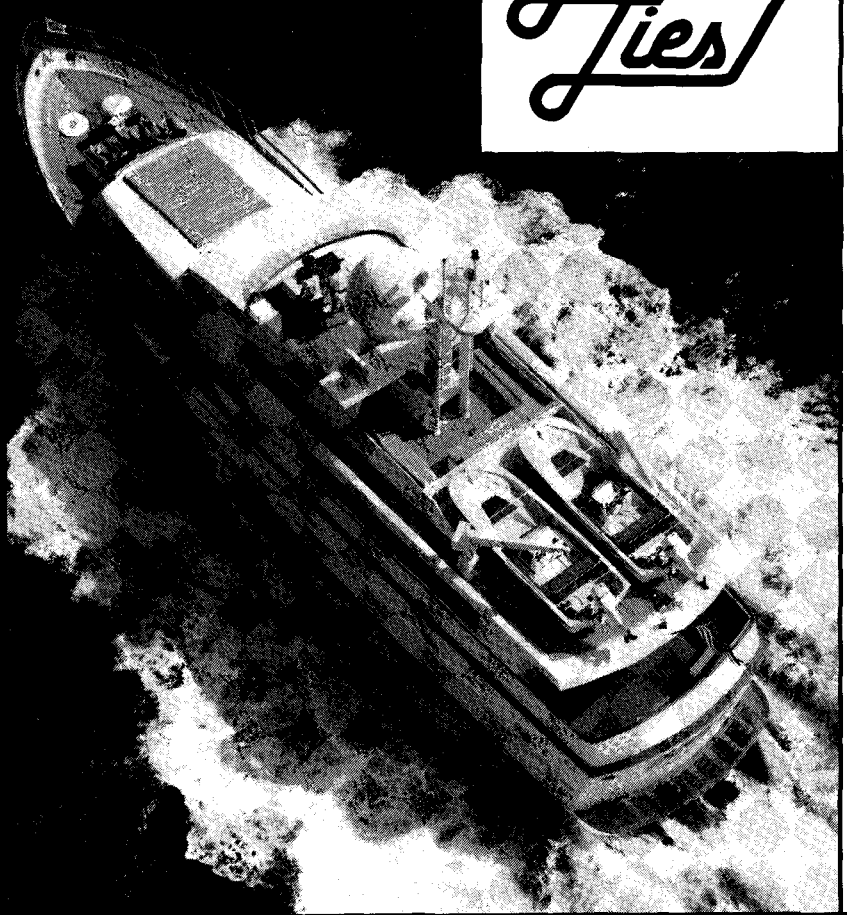

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profound to say, the *vast* majority of such people are just plain wrong.

I must also take issue with Jeffrey Hart's November 7 column, where he claims that 96 per cent of U.S. paleontologists knew that the dinosaurs did not die of a catastrophe.

The 96 per cent datum is wrong. That survey represents only vertebrate paleontologists, a small subsample of earth historians (and the stodgiest of the lot). A more complete survey by Nitecki and Hoffman in *Geology* recently showed that over 60 per cent believed that there was an impact then (though not all believe the dinosaurs were killed this way).

Michael L. McKinney
Assistant Professor
University of Tennessee
Knoxville, Tenn.

Wheat a Minute

In "Harvest of Despair" ["On the Right," Oct. 10], Mr. Buckley stated that removing the wheat from the Ukraine is like going into Iowa and removing all the wheat. It may have been difficult to remove all the wheat from the Ukraine, but it would not be that difficult to remove all the wheat from Iowa, since the main agricultural products in Iowa are corn and soybeans. Iowa is not even among the top twenty states in wheat production. So going into the Ukraine to remove all the wheat is like going into Iowa and removing all the corn.

Bill Kleen
New York, N.Y.

According To

In John McLaughlin's last "From Washington Straight" ["GOP Jitters," Nov. 7], he used the following sources: "a top Judiciary staffer for the majority"; "a congressman"; "a Hill staffer"; "a key aide to a Democratic senator"; "a Kennedy insider"; "a senior Ag Department official"; "a Democratic think-tank economist"; "a GOP Armed Services aide."

He didn't quote *any* "real" people! I went back over his columns in the previous nine issues, since June, and found another 34 unattributed quotes. I know journalists have to protect their sources, but I would like to know once in a while whom Mr. McLaughlin was actually having lunch with.

Jerry Airag
San Francisco, Calif.

Pinpricked

I enjoyed Selden Rodman's insight into Haiti [Oct. 24], but in rightly deploring the violence against voodoo temples and priests, Mr. Rodman unfortunately also voices "special" concern by asserting that

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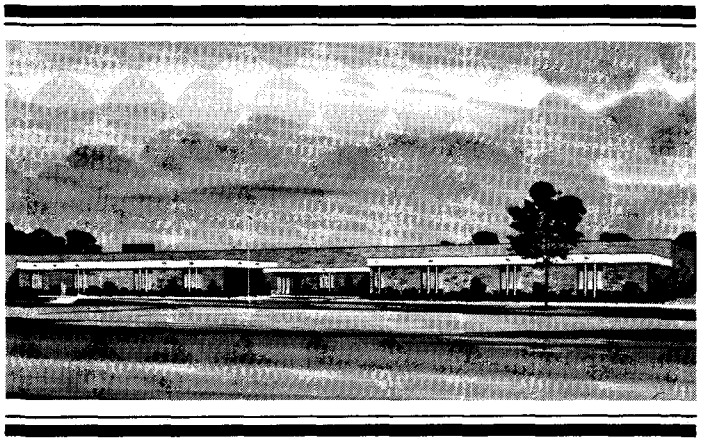

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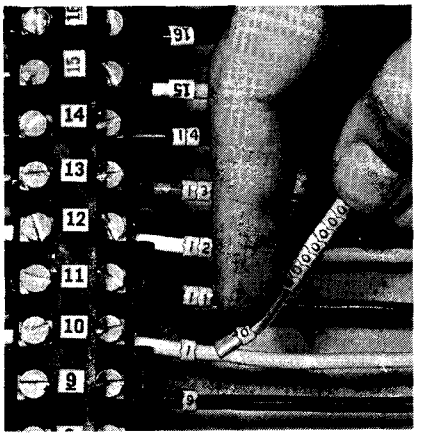

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voodoo is "the seedbed for the popular arts, Haiti's most significant export to the U.S. and Europe . . ." Actually, voodoo is a tremendously negative influence in Haiti. It saps the mind, spirit, and initiative of the people and perpetuates an atmosphere of hopelessness and despair. Surely whatever apparent benefit voodoo generates is grossly outweighed by its destructiveness.

Delynn W. Stults
Richmond, Ind.

Two-Way Street

Jerry Combee's essay, "Evangelicals and the First Amendment" [Oct. 24], provides an interesting historical perspective, but one that misses the central point. He is quite correct in asserting that many religious individuals, and particularly Baptists, lent considerable weight to the cause of religious freedom and the First Amendment. What he fails to note is that at that time Baptists were not the dominant religious sect in any of the colonies. They were a minority, as they had been in England. And they were one of several groups on the receiving end of religious intolerance in the colonies.

Secondly, did the Founding Fathers intend religious freedom to protect non-belief? While there was not unanimity, there can be little doubt that most of the principal minds behind the Constitution intended non-belief to be accorded full protection. In his *Notes on Virginia*, Jefferson wrote: "The legislative powers of government extend to such acts only as are injurious to others. It does me no injury for my neighbor to say there are twenty gods, or no God." Further, the letters written among Jefferson, Madison, and Adams speak openly both of their own skepticism, and of the need to extend protection to non-belief.

Combee quotes liberally from Locke. This is hardly surprising, since Locke, in *A Letter Concerning Toleration*, drew the line at atheism. Jefferson, however, in his *Notes on Locke*, explained: "Locke denies toleration to those who . . . deny the existence of God . . . It was a great thing to go so far . . . but where he stopped short, we go on."

Combee is quite correct in his conclusion, however, that "The victory for full freedom of religion in America . . . was not a victory against Christianity." It was a victory against insecurity and intolerance. It was a great victory for good will and respect among all Americans. It was a victory won by *both* the religious *and* the non-religious.

David Carleton
Easton, Pa.

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THREE-POINT PASSIVE SAFETY BELT SYSTEMS ARE AN EFFECTIVE COMPLEMENT TO BELT-USE LAWS.

General Motors is equipping 10% of its 1987 model cars with automatic lap/shoulder belt systems for the driver and for the right-hand front seat passenger. It is the first step in meeting a federal requirement to phase in passive restraints.

The automatic systems will be standard equipment on most 1987 models of the Pontiac Grand Am and Bonneville, Buick Somerset, Skylark, and LeSabre, and Oldsmobile Calais and Delta 88. By 1990 we plan to equip all GM cars with passive restraint systems.

The belts in the GM system will be connected to the car at three anchor points—one toward the center of the front seat, and two on the front door.

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Safety belts have proved effective in reducing injuries and fatalities. That's why GM supports belt-use laws. Automatic lap/shoulder belt systems will make it even easier for people to comply with these laws.

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General Motors is pursuing other programs that will help reduce the number and severity of injuries caused by accidents. We are designing energy-absorbing interiors. We are phasing in rear-seat lap/shoulder belts, beginning with some 1987 models—kits will be made available through GM dealers to retrofit most older cars with these systems. And we will be equipping some 1988 model cars with driver-side air bags to supplement safety belts.

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FOR THE RECORD

One group of election-day losers not much commented about were pollsters who had predicted extremely tight battle over Senate. "While I wouldn't call it a debacle," said **John Brennan**, an ABC News polling analyst, "I don't think it was a great year for pollsters." . . . Democratic pollster **Peter Hart** agrees: "Polling ranged all over the lot." . . . And **Tom Griscom** of the Republican Senatorial Committee reports that while they saw a surge in Democratic figures in final days of campaign, "it was hard to gauge how steep the slide was." For instance, six days before election, ABC News/ *Washington Post* had Republicans **Ken Kramer** (Colo.), **James Abdnor** (S.D.), and **Slade Gorton** (Wash.) winning, and **Steve Symms** (Idaho) losing. Only Symms won. . . . How badly hurt is the GOP? The *Washington Post*'s **David Broder** says **Paul Kirk**'s triumphant election-night "the Democrats are back" just ain't so. "The biggest mistake the Democrats can make is to believe that the 1986 election confirmed them as the majority party in the country," he writes. . . . A *Christian Science Monitor* analysis predicts that **Reagan** will not be as badly hurt as some think, because "the Democrats will be afraid of being 'Mondalized' on tax increases and 'Carterized' on Nicaragua and other foreign-policy issues." . . . Sen. **Lawton Chiles** (D., Fla.), who will be taking over chairmanship of all-important Budget Committee, sees no startling changes ahead. "We're a group that has been working together for a long time. We're all fiscal conservatives and pragmatists." But he adds: "I'm scared to death [of the deficit]. It's like being given the captaincy of the *Titanic* after hitting the iceberg."

Wrapping it up: **Jimmy Carter** got a belated day in court. Three members of his Cabinet made the political big-time. **Cecil Andrus** was elected governor of Idaho; **Neil Goldschmidt**, governor of Oregon; **Brock Adams**, senator from Washington. . . . In an otherwise gloomy night, Republicans scored important gubernatorial gains in the South: **Bob Martinez** became the first Cuban-American governor of Florida, **Guy Hunt** replaced **George Wallace** in Alabama, and **Bill Clements** beat out incumbent **Mark White** in Texas. . . . An Equal Rights Amendment was KOed in Vermont, and "if ERA can't make it in liberal Vermont," says UV Prof. **Garrison Nelson**, "it can't make it anywhere." . . . **Rose Bird** and two liberal colleagues were voted off the California Supreme Court, but moves to get rid of anti-death-penalty justices in North Carolina and Oklahoma failed. . . . California became the seventh state to adopt English as its legal language, and Idaho retained its right-to-work law. . . . Massachusetts and Nebraska became the first states to rescind mandatory seatbelt laws. . . . Not only did all state anti-abortion referenda lose, but three pro-abortion candidates won Senate seats: **Wyche Fowler** (Ga.), **Tom Daschle** (S.D.), and **Terry Sanford** (N.C.). . . . **Harold Stassen**, 79, lost a bid for a Minnesota House seat but comments that he's not ready for a rocking chair yet. . . . In Wyoming, candidate **Rick Gilmore** went to the well 702 times, and was turned down by that many PACs. "That's how it goes when you're a Democrat in Wyoming," he commented, shortly before disappearing under a **Richard Cheney** avalanche. . . . In general it was a grand year for House incumbents: 386 were returned to office, only six (one Democrat, five Republicans) lost. . . . In Chicago, the spirit of Mayor **Daley** lives on: The Committee for Honest Elections found that 34,538 people in Cook County were registered to vote twice. . . . And write-in candidate **Agnes T. Frog**, running for Douglas County Commissioner in Kansas, did remarkably well (1,850 votes to the incumbent's 4,886), considering that Agnes is—a frog.

Holland, *London Daily Telegraph* / Rotheo

The Soviet Union was number one again this year on the U.S. Helsinki Watch Committee's list of gross violators of Helsinki Accord on human rights. Seven of the eight other countries that made "the worst violators" roll are Communist. The eighth is Turkey. **Susan Osnos** of Helsinki Watch says conditions have worsened in Soviet labor camps and prisons this last year under rule of **Mikhail Gorbachev**. . . . Farewell ceremonies for a departing Soviet tank regiment in Shindand, Afghanistan, were touching. "Our people," said an official of the puppet regime, "will never forget the sons of the land of the Soviets who gave their lives for the freedom and independence of Afghanistan." . . . It turns out that before Mozambican dictator **Samora Machel** was killed in a plane crash last month, he and Zimbabwe's **Robert Mugabe** were plotting to overthrow a fellow "front-line state" leader, Malawi's **Hastings Banda**. Papers revealing plot were found in Machel's plane, which crashed in South Africa. . . . Bad news for **Fidel**: *French Connection* director **William Friedkin** has bought **Armando Valladares**'s book, *Against All Hope*, about his 22 years in Cuban dungeons, the most searing indictment of Castro yet.

Citizens for America Educational Foundation (214 Massachusetts Ave., N.E., Suite 300, Washington, D.C. 20002) has a new bumper sticker: "SDI COULD RUIN A NUCLEAR BOMB'S WHOLE DAY."

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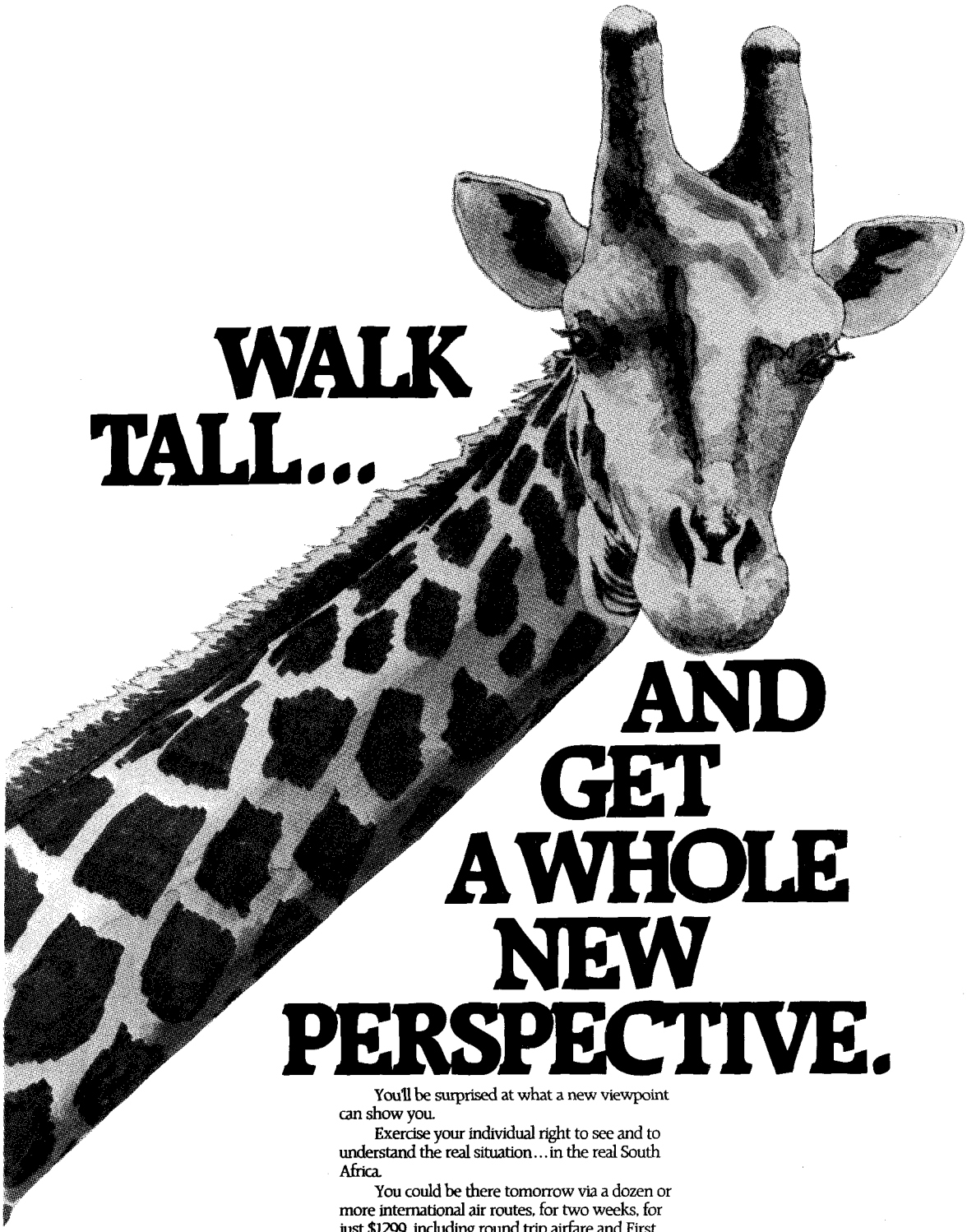

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THE WEEK

☐ Rose Bird bought the farm, but farmers are for the birds.

☐ So Senator Joseph Biden takes over as chairman of the Judiciary Committee. As a presidential aspirant, he will have to scream a lot less and appear statesmanlike. The Democratic victory means that Reagan judicial appointments will have at least marginally rougher going. Which, in turn, somewhat enhances the Supreme Court prospects of Senator Orrin Hatch, who would sail through any Senate committee. The rumor that Biden plans to reopen the Chappaquiddick case is clearly too good to be true. Of course, Teddy could always receive a presidential pardon, which would close the case forever.

☐ The National Association of Evangelicals, representing about ten million Protestants, has issued some guidelines to help its constituents avoid political extremism. In a 47-page pamphlet, the NAE calls for "religious liberty, . . . the security of free societies, and . . . progress toward the nonviolent resolution of international conflicts." It wants "an America strong enough to resist attack and to influence the course of world affairs; yet an America that is continually seeking realistic alternatives to war as a means of resolving international conflict." Lest you think that last is a squishy note, the NAE sees "little hope for constructive change in international affairs without a radical shift in the Soviet agenda." And while deploring human-rights violations in countries allied with the U.S., the NAE calls it "shameful" when "religious exchange programs which falsify the plight of controlled or persecuted churches in the Soviet Union are celebrated as contributions to progress toward peace." The American Catholic bishops and the National Council of Churches could take a few pointers from the evangelicals.

☐ Attorney General Edwin Meese is following up his commission's report on pornography by assembling a team of federal prosecutors to crack down on hardcore porn, and to help local officials bring their own cases. He's also seeking legislation to ban cable-TV porn and obscene recorded phone messages. They're passing smelling salts around at the ACLU, between gasps of "chilling effect" and "First Amendment." Our own reservations have more to do with the Tenth Amendment, which they haven't heard about yet over at the ACLU, but which implies that cracking down on porn, though perfectly constitutional, is best left to the states.

☐ If Vice President Bush needs an issue to consolidate his identity, he may have it in SDI. Bush has plugged the Space Shield in almost every speech he has made this year. Sample: "Our Strategic Defense Initiative [is] a concept that I believe history will show to be a giant leap in mankind's search for safety and protection, and a moral leap putting weapons at risk, not people." Armed with promises to carry the Reagan legacy on space defense into the next decade, Bush will score with the Right, and with liberals who, however reluctantly, have come around to a Space Shield as an improvement over mutual assured destruction.

☐ Rose Bird, *former* chief justice of California, has been sour graping ever since her removal by the voters. "What's going on is a very real politicization of the judiciary," she says. Not exactly. The judiciary has been politicized for a long time. Now it's being held politically accountable. While Miss Bird and her two liberal colleagues, Joseph Grodin and Cruz Reynoso, have gotten the heave-ho from the state supreme court, they are free to pursue their agenda by seeking office in the legislative branch. Of course, that would mean facing those damn voters again. It's so much easier when you can just declare that your agenda is mandated by the Constitution, impose it on the population by fiat, and accuse those who object of being sectarian enemies of constitutional government.

☐ Freshman Republican farm-state senators Mark Andrews (N.D.) and James Abdnor (S.D.) went down in flames because the Reagan Administration refused to take the plight of farmers seriously. Right? Wrong, as Warren Brookes pointed out in his syndicated column, November 6: "While the nation's total personal income rose only 1.4 per cent from the first to the second quarter, these three [Nebraska, North Dakota, South Dakota] heavily subsidized farm states' combined personal income shot up almost eight times as fast: 10.9 per cent for the three. Small wonder. Together in fiscal 1986, these three states, with a com-

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

THE IRAN DEAL is shaping up to be a major debacle for Ronald Reagan and the Republican Party, with Washington's armchair political scientists enjoying a banquet of reflections. "In a democracy, many covert operations may be worth while," opines one, "but if they are so controversial that disclosure would create a condition of political intolerability, you've got to get your consensus beforehand. Otherwise you're dead."

At a recent senior-staff meeting, a top Reagan aide cryptically announced that "changes on the foreign-policy side" were in the works, leading some staffers to conclude that National Security Advisor John Poindexter would resign to quell protest. Others say that would not be enough, since the President himself signed off on the operation. Who's left? Donald Regan, a pugilist by ethnicity and inclination. No way will Regan resign—and even if he did, that wouldn't dispel the Reagan-signing-off cloud. So the current strategy seems to be: stonewall.

Reaganites fear the worst. "Democrats think they took an unfair beating on Iran in '80, not so much from the Republicans but from the nation," says a White House insider. "They're going to stick it hard to the Republicans on Iran, I can feel it." The Democrats are expected to strike statesmanlike postures for a while—as long as there is a chance at freeing the hostages—but at an appropriate time they'll attack.

Both parties are sorting out the implications 1986 holds for 1988. The Democratic Senate will be the center of action at least for the short term, it is strongly felt here. This means that senators—Joe Biden (Del.), Sam Nunn (Ga.), Dale Bumpers (Ark.)—get a leg up from the takeover, whereas governors and former governors—Chuck Robb (Va.), Bruce Babbitt (Ariz.), Mario Cuomo (N.Y.)—lose. Cuomo's recent announcement that he will take a look at the 1988 presidential picture is construed here as an effort to hold onto media and political attention in the face of this shift of focus.

Gary Hart comes out okay from the elections, analysts believe. The West went Democratic, a plus for him, and the Senate will be reviewing lots of his ideas during the next two years, notably the strengthening of conventional forces over strategic forces. As Hart's ideas take legislative shape, he will claim credit.

On the GOP side, Bush is thought to have been hurt most by the elections. First, there is the flattening effect, putting Bush on the same level with everybody else. Second, New Hampshire exit polls showed Bush at 41 per cent, not only a drop from his typical presidential-preference polling of more than 50 per cent, but also, as Richard Nixon has noted, well below where a sitting Vice President ought to be in a key primary state two years from a presidential election. In 1958, Nixon himself was at well over 50 per cent and had the nomination locked up. Third, many television viewers thought that Bush looked a trifle silly in contending during Tuesday night's election returns that the news looked good for the GOP.

Opinion here is divided on whether the elections were a plus or a minus for Bob Dole (Kan.). The more enlightened sentiment sees Dole as gaining slightly from the massive Republican Senate defeat since he will no longer be tied down by majority-leader responsibilities and instead can get out and campaign around the country on whatever issues work for him. Also, "Dole no longer has to be the Republican voice of reason in the Senate," notes a Reaganite senator.

Jack Kemp (N.Y.) came in second in the New Hampshire exit polls—a weak second to Bush, but ahead of Dole—and that made him happy. Correctly, Kemp does not expect high presidential-preference ratings until he starts getting more television exposure, which will not come until well into 1987, when his candidacy will be treated seriously.

The White House is in a state of shock over the elections, with no overall strategy for dealing with the more than two hundred pieces of legislation passed at the end of the 99th Congress, many of which are still to be signed (or vetoed) by the President. "There's no calculus here for determining which ones should be overriden, or where to draw the line," says a White House insider. A case in point is a health-care bill passed late in the session, one that makes the Administration unhappy. "Do we veto it and get an even more costly measure jammed down our throats next year when Teddy takes over [as chairman of the Labor and Human Resources Committee] or cut our losses and sign now?"

But Kennedy & Co. could prove to be a GOP blessing in disguise. The best result of this election for the Republicans would be if the Democrats returned to their addictive liberalism once again. "Just feed out the rope," observes a conservative senior Democratic staffer cynically. "We'll hang ourselves." —CATO

bined population of less than three million, received $3.3 billion in corn, wheat, and feed-grain subsidies, spread over about 118,000 farms—an average per-farm subsidy of nearly $28,000. Actually, the largest 18,000 of these grain farmers (with annual sales of more than $100,000) collected an average of more than $140,000 per farm in the form of cash-deficiency payments and non-recourse crop-loan forfeits. In short, the average taxpayer paid a fortune to enrich an already wildly oversubsidized farm sector, in which only 5 to 10 per cent of the farmers are in serious trouble (mostly because they overborrowed to speculate on the 1977-81 inflationary land boom); the other 90 per cent have been doing quite well. . . . One ABC news reporter had the gall to report just a week before the election, 'These South Dakota farmers are glad the politicians are *finally* [???] listening to their problems.' "

☐ Ralph Nader took himself to Wisconsin before the election, to urge the defeat of Senator Robert Kasten, locked in a tough fight with Democrat Ed Garvey. Kasten, said Nader, was a "chronic drunk" who should not be making decisions about "health, safe-

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ty, peace, and war." Well, well. Kasten, it happens, though Nader did not say this, is the main Senate sponsor of product-liability reform, under which, if you buy a ladder from the Ace Lumber Company and keep it in your compost heap for ten years, then take it out, prop it up, and twist your foot on a rotten rung, you can't then sue Ace Lumber for $14 zillion. Nader doesn't like that. Fortunately, Wisconsin voters liked Kasten. As the first act of his new term, he should propose a toast: "To hell with nerds and their long faces, and keep them out of Senate races."

☐ THE NEW INDUSTRIAL STATE, PART TWO. "The mature corporation has readily at hand the means for controlling the prices at which it sells as well as those at which it buys. Similarly, it has the means of managing what the consumer buys. . . . Since General Motors produces some half of all the automobiles, its designs do not reflect the current mode, but are the current mode. The proper shape of an automobile, for most people, will be what the automobile majors decree the current shape to be."—*The New Industrial State*, John Kenneth Galbraith, 1967. "In recent years, GM has experienced a growth in inventories, a drop in market share, and a cost structure higher than its major domestic and foreign competitors."—"GM's Plan to Shut Operations in Four States by 1990 Surprises Some UAW Leaders," *Wall Street Journal*, Nov. 7. " 'We're still betting that in the middle to the end of November, GM will be faced with the choice of more production cuts or incentives,' said Michael Luckey, an auto-industry analyst with Shearson Lehman Brothers."—"Auto Output Will Be Flat in 4th Period," *Wall Street Journal*, Nov. 10.

☐ Commies-under-the-bed types leaped to the conclusion, back in the Fifties, that Fidel Castro was a Communist. More enlightened students of history, attentive to the nuances of a complex reality, have adopted the view that Castro was a democratic reformer at heart who was driven into the arms of the Soviet Union by American intransigence. Well, score one for the McCarthyites. In his new book, *Fidel: A Critical Portrait*, the hitherto left-leaning journalist Tad Szulc reports that "from the outset, Castro went about turning Cuba into a Marxist-Leninist state, with the collaboration of old-line Communists and the new Communist cadres he was creating within his rebel army." Castro's Communist ties, Szulc finds, go back to the Forties, and he maintained a "hidden government" of Communists during his first months in power, until he was ready to come out of the closet as that which enlightened thought accuses the U.S. of having transformed him, against his natural bent, into.

☐ A man in Cheyenne, Wyoming, has begun a thirty-day jail term for the sordid offense of fishing with a worm. Local authorities were adamant that he should use a dry fly in this particular piece of water, and you know how it goes. The man used a worm anyway, along came the split bucktail police, and bang!, jail.

☐ Who has hired the Monkees, Herman's Hermits, Gary Puckett and the Union Gap, the Grass Roots, and the Second City comedy group, for a liturgy with Joseph Cardinal Bernardin? The Chicago Catholic Youth Office. Maybe that will keep the kids off the golf course, but not us.

☐ Grete Waitz of Norway has won the New York City Marathon again, her eighth victory. She won $20 her first time out, but the sport has changed, and now she wins a Mercedes every year doing the 26-mile run. This year, along with the $30,000 auto, she won a $25,000 prize and got another $40,000 for promotional appearances. Mrs. Waitz would dearly love to own a Mercedes, but has not kept any of the ones she has won. Why? "The tax laws are complicated in my country," she sighs, "so I sell them in the United States."

☐ Elsewhere in the news, three U.S. warships are making the first port call in China since the Communist takeover in 1949. A milestone of sorts. The sailors were warned to be on good behavior, as if they'd have much choice.

☐ A researcher vouchsafes that cannibals rarely ate Christian missionaries, it was just a charming myth, but who believes researchers?

Back to Pavlov

Once more, in measured dollops,
  The Russians woo the West
With television candor
  And shots of Budapest.
Like seals' in some marineland,
  Our flippers flap with joy,
While back in darkest Gorky,
  The Sakharovs groan, "*Oy!*"

W. H. VON DREELE

Reagan: Truman, or Eisenhower?

ELECTIONS ARE the Rorschach blots of punditry. No matter how enigmatic their contours, everyone sees in them his own preoccupations. Thus liberals saw in the 1986 election the end of Reaganism (VOTERS' REBUFF TO REAGAN'S VISION, read a headline in the *New York Times*, while Hodding Carter III called it an

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"explicit repudiation of President Reagan"). Kevin Phillips, who has been pining for the end of ideology ever since his ringing prediction of realignment, *The Emerging Republican Majority*, turned out to be premature, foresaw that "both parties will try to curb their respective ideological cadres." The Republican National Committee talked stoutly about its statehouse victories, and about party-building in the South.

In the broadest sense, it was an actuarial election. Those with the most to lose, lost it. The Republicans, holding 22 of the 34 contested Senate seats, suffered a net loss of eight, and the Democrats, holding 27 of the 36 contested governorships, also went down eight. The GOP's small losses in the House were a tribute to the fact that it had sunk so low in that body, there was nowhere lower to go. The first finished last, and the last finished first.

When the odds take over to such an extent, it means that no one succeeded in changing the odds. So it was this time around. President Reagan's major Senate swing was, as columnist David Broder pointed out, a triumph of stubborn loyalty, even toward candidates he knew were losers. But the White House failed to impose an overall theme on the contest. (It usually does fail in off years; one exception, the election of 1938, backfired, when FDR's chosen issue, court reform, came to be seen as court packing.) Immediately after Reykjavik, it looked as if SDI could supply the needed flash, but it proved to be only a flash in the pan.

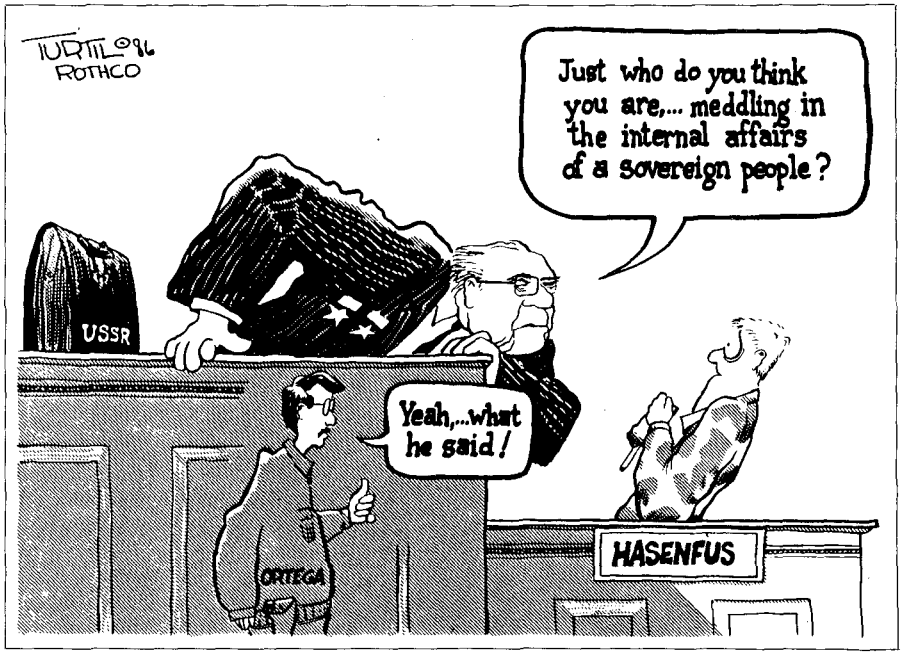
The Democrats, meanwhile, tried to avoid imposing a theme, while edging as close as they could to Republican concerns. "For some years now," the *Times* admitted, "the Democrats have been struggling with their image, attempting to convince floating voters that they were not the captive of minority groups, the elderly, and the trendy. On Tuesday they succeeded." "Where," asked Richard Cohen in the *Washington Post*, "was the candidate who won by challenging President Reagan" on SDI, Contra aid, or the deficit? His (correct) answer: "Nowhere."

The benefits to presidential hopefuls were equally mixed. On the Democratic side, Joe Biden and Sam Nunn, in winning Senate committee chairmanships, saw their prospects brighten marginally. Mario Cuomo broke the record (formerly held by Grover Cleveland) for the most decisive gubernatorial victory in New York history, though there were liberal complaints, here and there, that in holding himself at arm's length from the party's freak-house senatorial candidate, Mark Green, he had run a mean-spirited, self-aggrandizing campaign (see also "Mario's Lament," p. 19).

Among Republicans, Robert Dole lost his position as majority leader, but picked up free time for campaigning. The same could be said of George Bush, who would have been bound to Washington if the Senate had split fifty-fifty, as some were predicting. Jack Kemp won his Buffalo House seat by what was for him an unusually slim margin, which meant he won it by 57 per cent. The only candidate to get a direct poke in the eye was Paul Laxalt, who could not guarantee the election of a hand-picked successor to his own Nevada Senate seat. It seems that Laxalt, the catnip of hard-nosed pols, can rearrange elections in the Philippines, but not in his home state.

A static election, then. But in politics, stases are only momentary. Winning the important battles of the next two years, and winning the elections two years from now, will require an aggressive, go-for-broke state of mind. This means pressing the conservative agenda, and not allowing Democrats to pretend to subscribe to it.

It is true, for instance, as Cohen wrote, that many Democrats did not oppose Contra aid head on. What they will do, however, is oppose efforts to increase it. Every time a CIA gun runner gets caught, or a Contra platoon shoots up a village, they will join the hue and cry to cut aid off. They will oppose breaking relations with Nicaragua, or recognizing a government-in-exile. On SDI, they will give the concept lip service. They will even vote funding for research (at reduced levels). They will resist any effort to begin immediate deployment of technology as it becomes available. By the time 1988 rolls around, if the Democrats have their way, Ortega will still be battening in Managua, and there will be no lasers in North Dakota. These are not situations the American people



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approve of. Most Americans do not want a Soviet satellite a two days' drive from San Diego, or a strategic doctrine based on the prospect of their own incineration. But the case has to be made.

Reagan's last two years can be like Eisenhower's, from 1958 to 1960, or like what everyone assumed would be Truman's, from 1946 to 1948: a diminuendo, or a free-for-all. Only if Reagan and the conservative movement draw the shutters and duck their heads will the Reagan Revolution be repudiated.

Hostagegate?

WHEN THE 100th Congress convenes in January, it will unleash a barrage of televised hearings on the Reagan Administration's covert dealings with Iran. The whole controversy will boil down to two questions: What did the Administration do, and why did it do it?

It is possible, after all, that the NSC was engaged in a more subtle, delicate, and ultimately justifiable operation than now meets the eye. Obtaining the eventual release of hostages in Lebanon may have been only one objective of the operation, as NSC advisor John Poindexter has hinted in a briefing to key congressmen.

There are sound strategic arguments in favor of quiet U.S. contacts with Iran. However unsavory its present regime, Iran remains a country of pivotal importance in the region—a crucial firebreak against further Soviet expansion toward the Persian Gulf. Prudent preparation for the inevitable post-Khomeini Iran would include initiating low-key contacts with certain moderate officials in the government. The Administration perhaps felt justified in using such contacts to encourage Iran to exert its influence on behalf of U.S. hostages in Lebanon—not as part of a deal, either explicit or implicit, but as one step in a complex diplomatic board game in which neither side relates its moves directly to those of the other.

The unsentimental Israelis have dealt clandestinely with Khomeini for years, despite his avowed intent to destroy Israel. Tel Aviv knows that "the enemy of my enemy is my friend," and that Iraq poses a far more immediate threat to Israeli security than Iran does. It is highly probable that any shipments of U.S.-made spare parts received by Iran in connection with (but not in exchange for) the release of hostages Jacobsen and Weir actually originated in Israel and were only loosely coordinated with the NSC.

If some variation of this scenario is what occurred, then the Administration's actions hardly rank as outrageous, though reasonable men might differ as to their wisdom. If, however, this was an outright swap of arms for hostages then it deserves to be denounced as a betrayal of Reagan's principle of not dealing with terrorists.

Progress and the Court

REPROACHFUL HEADS continue to shake over the effrontery of Attorney General Edwin Meese's declaration that the Constitution is not identical with what the Supreme Court says about it. Michael Kinsley of *The New Republic* concedes that Meese is right "in a technical sense," but pooh-poohs the practical import. Paul Brest of Stanford Law School says that "anarchy would prevail if every [federal] official and agency were free to disregard the Court's rulings."

Well, nobody wants anarchy, but the question at hand is what you do when the Court acts anarchically. Last year Associate Justice William Brennan announced as his credo that the Court should be guided by "faith in progress," rather than by the "static meaning" of the Constitution's words in "a world that is dead and gone." By Brennan's criteria, the Court can't err, as long as its rulings are suitably "progressive."

The issue was addressed twenty years ago by the Warren Court's most astute liberal critic, the late Alexander Bickel, who observed that the Court was deriving its major rulings not from the text of the Constitution, but from "the idea of progress" the Justices themselves were importing into their deliberations. And this, he said, was at least a highly problematic idea, the more so because the Court tended to disregard political reality in the process.

In his conclusion, Bickel suggested, *à la* Meese, that the other branches of government can legitimately modify the Court's influence:

> The Court's assertion of judicial supremacy, although time-honored, stemming from John Marshall, is itself only one selected strand in our tradition. Congress, Presidents, and the states also make the Constitution. Deliberately or implicitly they have decided many a constitutional issue, and even where a prior constitutional adjudication by the Supreme Court existed, Congress has not always accepted the claim to judicial supremacy as validly establishing a judicial monopoly. It has often taken the role of partner.

The debate is far from over. Indeed, the Left may soon pull back from judicial absolutism, as the reality of the Rehnquist Court starts to sink in.

Three Times Three

THE SHULTZ-SHEVARDNADZE meeting in Vienna attracted so much media attention that it overshadowed the reason the two men were in the Austrian capital in the first place. Along with 33 other foreign ministers, they had come to attend the third review session of the Conference on Security and Cooperation in Europe. The gaggle of statesmen are reviewing compliance with the 1975 Helsinki Accords.

The Helsinki "Final Act" ratified the postwar divi-

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sion of Europe and endorsed many long-standing Soviet proposals on European security. In return for Western acquiescence to those proposals, the USSR and its allies paid lip service to a so-called "Basket Three" of human-rights provisions, which they have violated with impunity ever since. Contrary to the agreement, they have not allowed the free flow of information across borders, they continue to restrict the right of emigration to a begrudged few, and they arbitrarily hinder the reunification of divided families.

In Soviet parlance, human rights means the right to live in a state-subsidized communal apartment below the standards of any big-city American slum, provided you keep your mouth shut. As for Moscow's Eastern European satellites, their main contribution to the so-called Helsinki process has been vigorously persecuting the tiny but courageous movements that have sprung up within their borders to monitor compliance with the agreement.

The truly remarkable aspect of the Helsinki process is that both East and West continue to see some purpose in the dialogue. The West has long since realized that Soviet acquiescence to the Basket Three provisions was a ploy, but it sees value in periodically unveiling the hypocrisy. Every review session has thus turned into a forum for denouncing human-rights violations in Eastern Europe.

Why, then, does Moscow continue to participate in the process? First, because pulling out would expose the original sham; second, because the Kremlin still hopes to subvert the whole process for its own ends. At every session, the USSR advances shopworn proposals on security, cooperation, and disarmament in Europe patently intended to divide the West by lulling the more gullible Western European governments into neutrality. The effort has failed thus far, but the Kremlin knows that bad ideas, repeated often enough, have a soporific effect on Western vigilance.

The success of the third review session depends on the United States and its allies in Vienna insisting that Basket Three dominate the discussion once again. There's nothing else worth talking about.

Mario's Lament

EVEN THOUGH it's kind of refreshing to come upon a politician who is difficult to handle, Mario Cuomo is becoming more than difficult, as the press (in most cases reluctantly) now concedes. Anthony Lewis called Cuomo's race for governor "mean and selfish." Everyone was so dissatisfied by Cuomo's self-absorption that the governor found it necessary, after the greatest victory in the history of New York State, to conduct a press conference as if it were a post-mortem.

"*I* didn't make me look bad—*you* made me look bad," he said to the New York press corps. He went on to accuse reporters of incompetence, of ingratitude, and (incredibly) of partisanship for his Republican opponent. Well, Cuomo said in effect, he would not in the future make it all that easy for the press to manhandle him. Henceforward he will move only with selected members of the press corps (Mary McGrory was permitted to spend election night with him). Cuomo is sculpting his charisma along the lines of a de Gaulle: hard to get at, but always awesome.

Well, it will be interesting to see him try to become President while scorning the press. As a matter of fact, it would be interesting to see a politician become President while scorning the voters. Coriolanus had glowing moments. But the chances are that this kind of thing will result in an early casualty, in which event the press won't have Mario Cuomo to kick around any more.

The Mercurial Mr. Cuomo

Governor Cuomo, who won by a vote
Albany partisans hope to promote,
Every so often appeared on the stump
Dressed as Godzilla, in fear of a slump.
Party officials, who have to decide
Whether the candidate's Jekyll or Hyde,
May, to be nice, push alternative goals,
Possibly pointing to horror-film roles.

W. H. VON DREELE

Tax Limitation Marches On

"TAX-CUT INITIATIVES REJECTED BY VOTERS," read the headline in the *Wall Street Journal* on November 6. Those who failed to read on probably assumed that the tax revolt at the state level was dead. Not true. Three out of four measures to simply limit taxes passed, and by wide margins: 56 per cent of Montana voters approved a law to freeze property-tax collections; California voters, by a margin of 16 points, passed a measure that makes local taxes subject to voter approval; and the citizens of Massachusetts, that bastion of liberalism, decided to limit the growth of the state's tax revenue to the average growth in wages and salaries over the previous three years, this measure passing by a ten-point margin.

The only tax-limitation measure to fail was in Colorado. Voters there rejected, 62 to 38 per cent, a proposal for mandatory votes on new taxes and tax increases. Their hesitation was understandable, since the measure provided for votes on taxes only during general elections, which means only every two years. The opponents of the measure used this fact in their campaign, to devastating effect.

Meanwhile, two states had measures on the ballot

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not merely to limit future tax growth, but to cut existing taxes. Both measures failed. In Oregon, 57 per cent of voters rejected a measure to cut property taxes. And in Montana, a proposal to abolish the property tax was defeated 56 to 44. Thus the truth in the *Journal*'s headline.

David Keating, executive director of the National Taxpayers Union, an anti-tax lobby, summed it up best: "The results of the recent votes simply confirm the long-term trend on state tax initiatives: Initiatives to limit taxes almost always pass, and initiatives to cut taxes almost always fail."

Mandatory Retirement

WITHOUT MUCH opposition, a bill outlawing mandatory retirement passed Congress in its closing days and was duly signed by the President. Nevertheless, it is in principle a bad bill.

To be sure, it is not absolutist: Police departments, fire departments, and universities are exempt from its provisions for seven years, during which time their particular situations will be studied. Nor does the bill seem likely to have much practical effect. According to the GAO, the median retirement age for workers in 1985—seven years after the allowable mandatory retirement age was raised from 65 to seventy—was 62. A 1982 Labor Department study estimated that abolishing mandatory retirement altogether would add a minuscule 200,000 workers to the labor force by the year 2000.

But, in principle, the new law is an unwarranted federal interference with private contracts. A professor who was obliged by contract to retire at 65, but who was in full possession of his mental faculties, could, even with "mandatory" retirement, negotiate further employment with his present university or another one. The cutoff—some cutoff, wherever placed—meant that individuals in decline could be routinely eased out without embarrassment. Congress seems merely to have been currying favor with an aging population, and it deserves to hear in stern terms from younger voters.

The Mind of William Brennan

AS THE Rehnquist Court came into being, *The New York Times Magazine* ran a cover story on the Court's senior liberal, William J. Brennan, obligingly written by one of Brennan's former law clerks. Adversary journalism took the day off, but there were one or two illuminations anyway.

Brennan recalls that at his nomination hearings he was asked whether he could be a good Catholic while being loyal to the Constitution. He was ready for that one: "I had settled in my mind that I had an obligation under the Constitution which could not be influenced by any of my religious principles. As a Roman Catholic I might do as a private citizen what a Roman Catholic does, . . . but to the extent that that conflicts with what I think the Constitution means or requires, then my religious beliefs have to give way." He accepts the premise that Catholicism "conflicts" with the Constitution, and chooses to subordinate Catholicism.

Then, asked whether he would include the right to abortion in the Constitution if it were up to him to rewrite it, he says yes: "I would say that, in this society, nobody can dictate for everyone else what must be done with respect to the most intimate choices, private choices, family decisions, that individuals face. I would adhere to what we have said. And I don't know that I could ever agree that the right to privacy that is protected by the Bill of Rights should not be a part of a fundamental charter of a free society."

So, although the Constitution has priority over Catholicism, the "right to privacy" is somehow prior to the Constitution, though the right to life is not. Then again, the "right to privacy"—though nowhere mentioned in the Bill of Rights—is already "protected by" the Bill of Rights. No wonder Justice Brennan never has any trouble getting the results he wants.

The Yuppie and the Preacher

PIERRE "PETE" DU PONT, former governor of Delaware, seeks the Republican presidential nomination for 1988. So does Marion "Pat" Robertson, the TV preacher. Both claim the Reagan legacy. Du Pont says he wants to "ensure that the Republican Party views the Reagan Revolution as the beginning, not the end," while Robertson says Reagan "has built a foundation others can build on."

But du Pont, who used the supply-side approach to rejuvenate Delaware's once distressed economy, is a "moderate" on social issues, such as abortion, whereas Robertson puts more emphasis on a hard-line approach to those same issues, de-emphasizing economics. Du Pont's style is secular; Robertson invokes Christ.

Some see these two candidates as symbols of a fatal split in the Republican coalition that Reagan has managed to hold together. And it's true enough that they represent different strands of the Republican Party—libertarian and traditionalist—which, in other circumstances, would have enough disagreements to make up a two-party system between them.

But for the time being, there is plenty to unite them. For both kinds of Republican, the main enemy is the centralized power that threatens both economic freedom and traditional morality. Liberalism, collectivism, secular humanism, socialism—whatever you call it, it has to be curbed before any other agenda can be enacted. When it's vanquished, the victors can settle

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the question of what principle should guide—and limit—government.

The Comparable-Worth Story

THE National Organization for Women (NOW) and other feminist organizations advocate laws requiring employers to pay people according to a principle of "comparable worth" (defined, of course, by a government bureaucracy rather than by the market). They justify such laws by pointing to the fact that women on average earn about 59 per cent of what men earn. But this figure, although accurate, is misleading. Broken down by age groups, the data tell a very different story.

According to a study by economists John Raisian, Michael Ward, and Finis Welch, women just out of school earn almost as much as men, but as they get older the earnings gap widens. For example, in 1982, women under twenty who worked full time earned 96 per cent as much as men the same age. By age 25 to 34, women working full time earned 72 per cent as much as men in the same age group. By age 45 to 54, they earned only 55 per cent as much. The reason: Women interrupt their careers to care for husbands and children. Using data from the 1970s, the authors showed that by the time women had been out of school for six years, they had worked on average 30 per cent less than men. After 16 years out of school, they had worked only half as much.

This time out of the labor force makes women riskier for employers to hire and train, and prevents them from acquiring skills at the same rate as men.

The constancy of the 59 per cent figure over the last few decades also hides some real progress in women's wages. Most of the women who have entered or re-entered the labor force in the last thirty years have had little work experience, and less education than average. Therefore, they have held down the average wage for women. When the ratio of women's to men's wages is corrected for these "compositional" effects, it proves to have risen by about 12 per cent since 1960, according to a Rand Corporation study.

Moreover, the earnings gap will probably shrink even more in the future as women change their working patterns. They are already interrupting their careers less than they used to and are entering higher-paying professional and technical occupations traditionally dominated by men. According to the study by Raisian, Ward, and Welch, 14 per cent of lawyers in 1982 were women, up from only 5.6 per cent in 1971. During the same period, women bank officers and finance managers went from 18.8 to 35.3 per cent, and women operations analysts went from 11.4 to 32.1 per cent.

Proponents of comparable-worth legislation would have the government require higher pay for women in traditionally female occupations. Ironically, such laws would slow or even reverse women's progress in entering male-dominated occupations. How? By making it more attractive for women to stay put.

The Democrats Surge Back

Except for Alan Cranston, who
Still bleats for underdogs on cue,
It's clear, from bars all over town,
The liberals are taking down
Signs under which they fought and bled
And sticking "Centrist" up, instead.

W. H. VON DREELE

NOTES & ASIDES

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Mr. Hall's letter that you published in "Notes & Asides" [Oct. 10] is, maybe, one bubble off. And you have been "caught" making a selection, not a mistake.

True silencing of firearms is virtually impossible, and the terms "suppressed" and "suppressors" are preferred. Revolvers may be fitted with suppressors and the report reduced substantially. A muffled report is likely to go unnoticed and because of the change in character of the sound is likely not to be recognized as a gunshot even if noticed.

Only low-power firearms are subject to suppression, because the "crack" aspect of the report is caused by the sonic boom of the bullet traveling faster than the speed of sound—c. 1,100 fps. Most "service"-type sidearms and all rifles are not suppressible for this reason. Effectively suppressed "Rambo" submachine guns require special reduced-power, subsonic ammunition.

Effective suppressors are large and bulky compared to the size of handguns. An effective one for a .22 semi-auto would be in the size range of a 12-oz. to 16-oz. beer can. This completely obstructs the sights and requires "hip-shooting" or very close range. A piece of thick fabric or a well-folded handkerchief is held tightly over the barrel-cylinder gap of a revolver to further reduce noise.

Sincerely,
Jay Bute
Houston, Tex.

Dear Mr. Bute: Many thanks. But when time comes to use my revolver with such & such in mind, I'll want the noise of the explosion to be heard round the world. Cordially, WFB

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☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

See attached [*NR*, Oct. 10, page 14: ". . . Somehow the shopping spree didn't gibe with the proper image of Central America's leading revolutionary . . ."]

That should have been *jibe*. This letter is a gibe.

Such confusion (gibe/jibe) does not jibe with previous writing.

Very truly yours,
(Mrs.) Trudy Barna-Lloyd
Bellaire, Tex.

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

In Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn's piece on Swiss defense [Oct. 10], nothing whatever was said about Switzerland's massive buildup of shelters to protect its citizens from blast, heat, initial radiation, and fallout from nuclear attack. This effort to upgrade Switzerland's civil defense was started in 1971, and when it is completed (scheduled for the year 2000), every citizen will have a slot in this system. At its present stage of completion, the system now can protect well over half the population. This system is probably the most modern one in the world, and the operational part is kept ready for immediate use. The Swiss consider their civil-defense system to be an essential factor in their continuing effort to maintain their freedom and independence.

Very truly yours,
S. W. Woodard
Houston, Tex.

☐ Dear Bill:

I was duly surprised to discover a state legislature that is literally more conservative than God. The Colorado legislature has made it legal to shoot a person who intrudes into one's home, never mind whether the intruder is armed or dangerous. Thus, one can shoot an unarmed burglar with impunity. God, on the other hand, has said that, "If a burglar is caught in the act and is fatally injured, it is not murder [the Colorado law]; but if he breaks in *after sunrise* and is fatally injured, then it is murder," Exodus 22:2-3, The New English Bible (emphasis added). Thus, He permits shooting only when it is dark, while protecting the burglars of the Sinai during the day.

But most legislatures are more liberal with burglars than God. They permit shooting only in self-defense—one must prove that one feared great bodily harm or death. Some even go so far as to arrest homeowners who shoot burglars with unlicensed guns while letting burglars go free to sue for their injuries; something neither God nor Colorado would accept. Do you think this may be the beginning of a big thing?

Very truly yours,
Scott D. Hillstrom
Minneapolis, Minn.

Dear Mr. Hillstrom: Sure. That is what they call the separation of church and state. Cordially, WFB

☐ Dear Mr. B.:

If you wrote the enclosed column, I'll change my religion from Catholic to atheist, my Republican affiliation to liberal—and I'll even eat the goddam newspaper. Well????????

Faithfully,
Al Pacetta
Vero Beach, Fla.

Dear Mr. Pacetta: I am happy to be the instrument of retaining your religious and political faiths and the good order of your stomach: No, I did not write it. Sometimes newspapers run me under Art Buchwald's logo, and AB under my logo, the cumulative result of which is to make me seem funnier than I am, and him wiser than he is. But I don't even recognize the columnist whose wild meanderings appeared in the *Vero Beach Press-Journal* (Oct. 16) under my name. Cordially, **—WFB**

"Ol' habits'r hard to break!"

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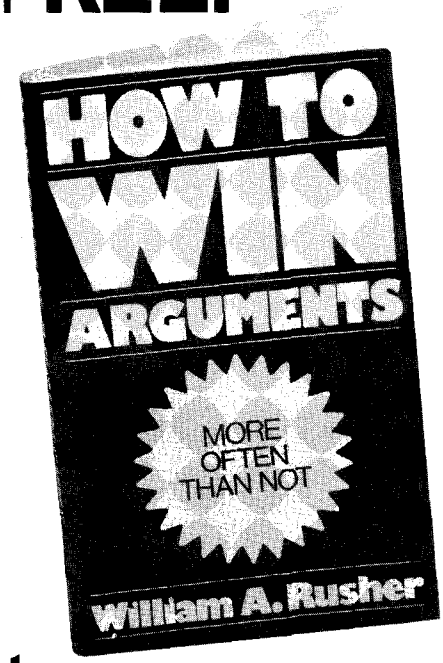
If you have ever come away from an argument feeling frustrated,

THIS IS THE BOOK FOR YOU!

Bill Rusher's act of treachery—giving away the house secrets—may make him rich and famous. At home, we will treat him like the Rosenbergs.

—WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR.

GET IT FREE!



To get this valuable book fill out and mail the card opposite this page today!

Like it or not, you always find yourself getting into discussions and arguments; it seems impossible to avoid nowadays. Don't you really owe it to yourself to learn how to handle such situations—how to argue *and win*?

Sound difficult? Not when you have *How to Win Arguments* handy. This practical and highly entertaining book is by William A. Rusher (*National Review*'s publisher). Rusher, a professional arguer *par excellence*, is eminently qualified to show *you* how to do it well.

You've probably seen him in action on TV's *The Advocates*, *Good Morning America*, *Viewpoint*, or other shows, and marveled at his effectiveness. No one seems able to put him down. At the very least, he's going to give as good as he gets even when defending positions popularly assumed to be indefensible. Now, in *How to Win Arguments*, Rusher lets you in on the trade secrets and shows you how to acquire the skills and techniques necessary to hold your own in any argument or discussion.

This is not a treatise full of technical jargon—it's an enjoyable, informal guide to clear thinking. It covers all the basics from how to prepare for an argument and how to handle yourself under fire to how to allow for individual strengths and styles. There's even a fascinating chapter filled with advice from other expert debaters such as William F. Buckley, Jr., Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan, John Kenneth Galbraith, and Phyllis Schlafly. As the book jacket says, it is indeed an ". . . entertaining and comprehensive guide to the techniques, rhetorical devices, and principles of successful argumentation." No argument there.

Right now, with this special offer, you have the opportunity to get this valuable book (a $9.75 retail value) absolutely FREE and postpaid. All you have to do is enter a subscription to *National Review* (or renew your current one, no matter when it expires) for one year at the regular $34 rate. Simply check your instructions on the handy card opposite and return it to us today. We'll send you your FREE copy of *How to Win Arguments* as fast as we can, and you'll start receiving NR hot off the press too. Offer is limited, so please act now.

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WOMEN POLS

IN HER FIRST race for the Maryland House of Delegates in 1974, Connie Morella recalls, when her son stuck a PEOPLE FOR MORELLA bumper sticker on his locker at school, his classmates asked him what his father was running for. Twelve years later, in 1986, Mrs. Morella vied for Maryland's eighth congressional seat. Although the 8th District, located just outside Washington, D.C., is heavily Democratic, the Republican Mrs. Morella got surprising support, capped by an endorsement from the powerfully liberal *Washington Post*. "Times have changed," says Mrs. Morella, who won a striking victory on November 4. "Now, no matter what my sex, people know I can deliver, but when I started they worried whether I could take care of my kids and do the job."

Connie Morella is right. Women in politics are on the march, and the way is clear. Consider:

1. *Females flood.* In 1986, three times as many women ran for office as in 1984, including six for the U.S. Senate, 54 for the House, nine for governorships, 11 for lieutenant governorships, and an overwhelming 1,800 for state legislatures. Sixteen of these races were woman-versus-woman contests.

"It was obvious that there had to be a maturation time, and '86 looks to be it," says Tom Oaks, a campaign consultant for the Democratic, Washington-based Bob Squier Communications Company. Oaks foresees even more women running in 1988. "Just look at the states—there are women everywhere," says Oaks. "And a lot of them will work their way through the ranks to higher places."

2. *Money talks.* Women running for office in 1986 raised 25 per cent more money than women running in 1984. Democratic hopeful Harriet Woods garnered $3.5 million in her Missouri senatorial bid, and Florida's GOP incumbent Senator Paula Hawkins raised a record $5.3 million. A 1,200-member network, EMILY's (Early Money Is Like Yeast) List, contributed $350,000 to the Senate bids of Mrs. Woods and of Democratic Representative Barbara Mikulski in Maryland. "For the first time, we're seeing financial godmothers," says Kathleen Currie, a spokesman for EMILY's List. "Women have finally got control of that piece of political machinery."

Money attracts more money. "The big boys who give the most judge your chances by the money you can raise at startup," Kathleen Currie says. "Barbara's chances to get the nomination were directly related to the early money we gave her." And women have stopped being shrinking violets. "I always tell women I'm advising that if they can't ask for money, they should just go home," says Washington fundraiser Betsy Crone. "Now they ask."

3. *Beginners need not apply.* Women candidates for federal and statewide office have an average of ten years' experience in politics. "These women are high-caliber candidates, and they have earned the right to be in these races," says Gayle Melich, executive director of the non-partisan National Women's Political Caucus.

Many women have spent years in office, like Connecticut GOP gubernatorial candidate Julie Belaga, who served five terms and was assistant minority leader in the state legislature. In the Nebraska race for governor, the GOP's Kay Orr had been state treasurer since 1981, and her Democratic opponent, Helen Boosalis, was mayor of Lincoln and director of the Department of Aging. Maryland's Barbara Mikulski was in Congress for ten years and before that served on Baltimore's city council.

4. *Women win.* Today's women candidates contrast sharply with earlier and less experienced "sacrificial lambs." In 1986, virtually every woman aspirant enjoyed excellent odds of winning, whereas in 1984, "a majority didn't have a ghost of a chance and got waxed," notes Oaks. "These contemporary women are credible winners, because they are true political leaders in their states, where they had run before and were connected."

Women have also shed the burden of proving their ability. "Earlier we focused a lot on convincing people—mostly other women—that a woman could do the job and be listened to," says Geoffrey Garin, president of Peter Hart Research, a Democratic Washington polling firm. "Now we don't have to go through those contortions. Women can win today, they're no longer on the political fringes, they have incumbency and that means money and political longevity."

5. *Women push non-"women's issues."* While feminist and "women's issues" used to be the litmus test for candidates, today gender is minimized. "The fact that I'm a woman has very little to do with my aspirations to be senator," says Miss Mikulski, who plans on a Finance Committee berth in the Senate, so as not to be pegged only to women's issues. Only in one race did a women-centered agenda dominate, with Harriet Woods's abortive support of abortion.

THE 1986 elections have turned out to be a watershed event for America's women politicians. Everywhere the numbers are up, as more women run, more manage campaigns, and more give money. The good news for Republicans is that their bank of high-profile, able, and experienced women is richer and deeper than the Democrats', especially as regards potential holders of national office.

Watch for the first woman President or Vice President to come from GOP ranks, possibly as early as 1988, and possibly Jeane Kirkpatrick. □

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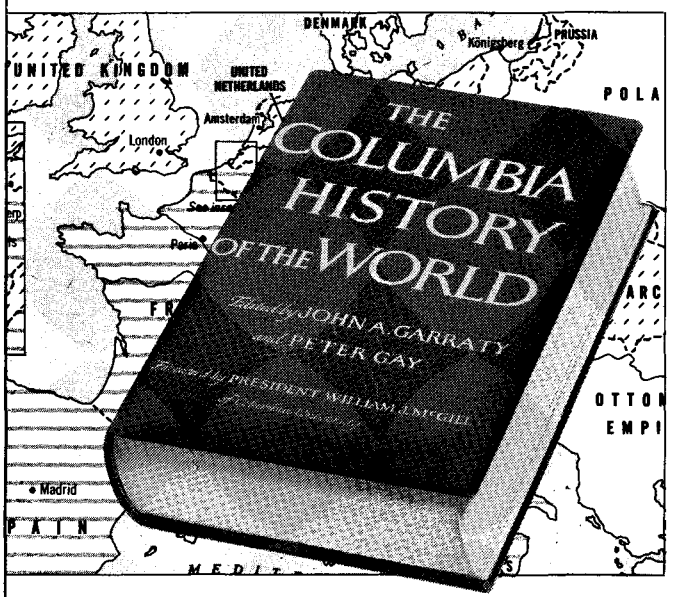

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A War Against Ourselves

HOW THE NARCS CREATED CRACK

Richard C. Cowan

More than seventy years after the Harrison Act began the federal prohibition of cocaine and opiates; almost fifty years since the beginning of federal marijuana prohibition; and almost six years into the Reagan Administration, America finds itself in the grip of a frenzy over the "drug crisis." How can this be, with all that has been done? Some blame the "pushers." Others rightly point out that there is demand as well as supply, and also blame the users. In fact, there is good reason to believe that the government itself, for all that it has proclaimed yet another war on drugs, has been one of the most potent causes of the current crisis.

It is difficult to admit that the medicine we are prescribing might just be the poison that is causing the illness; yet the "energy crisis" was largely a creation of federal regulations meant to ensure adequate supplies at a reasonable cost. Inflation, a very real threat to any economy, is masked and then made worse by price controls. Forced busing, the statisticians now tell us, actually increased racial segregation, while wrecking many public-school systems.

In a similar way, government policy has aggravated our society's chronic problems with drugs by mounting a propaganda and enforcement campaign that erodes crucial distinctions between more and less dangerous drugs, makes the marketing of the more dangerous variety the preferred option for dealers, and increases health risks, crime, and corruption. These same tendencies have produced the crisis of the moment, the crack scare. Let's look at crack first, since that will help give us an overview of the economics and psychology of the drug war.

It is very important to remember that the laws of supply and demand work with contraband as with everything else. What happens when something that people want is made illegal?

1. The supply drops more than the demand, so the price goes up. (Indeed, drug demand has increased enormously under prohibition.)
2. Forcing the illegal product underground garbles the flow of information necessary to an efficient market. Without an efficient market, there is less price competition.
3. Lacking competition, dealers charge monopoly prices, and profit margins widen.
4. The big profits draw in people who would not oth-

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erwise break the law, spreading corruption among the police and disdain for the law among otherwise law-abiding citizens. (Of course, big profit margins also attract people who are very experienced at breaking the law. See item #6.)

5. Supply becomes conspicuous, marketing becomes more aggressive, the price falls, and demand rises, drawing the attention of the forces that got the substance outlawed in the first place.

6. The law cracks down on the supply, driving the amateurs out of business and leaving organized crime in control, now with even higher profit margins and with connections to corrupt law enforcement. At this point the illegal market has attracted the people capable of making it an institution, including some who wear badges. Henceforth it will be all but impossible to eliminate the suppliers. Greater enforcement can shake out the less skilled or the less daring but merely raises incentives for those who remain. Greater enforcement (i.e., more regulation) can also affect the market in perverse ways: *The iron law of drug prohibition is that the more intense the law enforcement, the more potent the drugs will become.* The latest stage of this cycle has brought us the crack epidemic. There are two inescapable reasons for this.

First, from the supply perspective, it is good business to minimize the bulk of contraband. Smuggling beer and wine was less profitable than "rum running." Tiny pieces of crack are easier to carry than cocaine powder, which in turn is far less bulky than the coca leaves that are used legally by the Andean Indians. Heroin replaced opium for similar reasons. Obviously, the bulkiest illegal drug, marijuana, will lose out in the supply channels to cocaine and heroin.

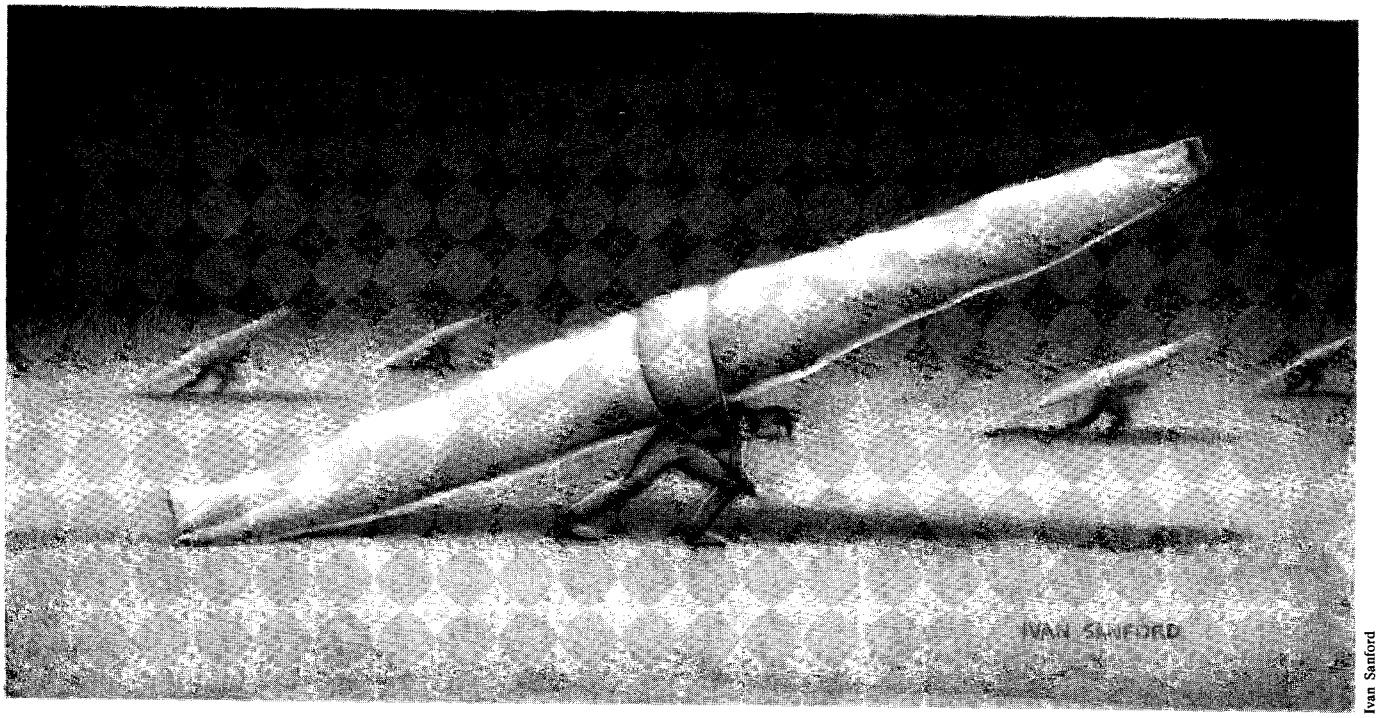
Marijuana remains the principal target of law-enforcement efforts, despite the current crack-generated headlines. One result is that the weed, which can be grown anywhere, is being cultivated in more potent strains to justify a higher price per pound. The price must rise to justify the risk of transportation.

The same considerations also encourage the substitution, for marijuana, of its concentrates, hashish and hash oil, which are many times more potent. It is even possible that marijuana enforcement, with its effects on price and availability, is pushing marijuana users toward cocaine and worse. The *New York Times* recently quoted a Los Angeles narcotics officer: "I hate to say it, but we, law enforcement, may be driving people into the arms of the coke dealers by taking away their grass. But we have got to enforce the law."

Second, from the demand perspective, the more potent forms of drugs offer the user the same convenience of transportation that is of value to the supplier. However, while it is impossible to overdose fatally on the marijuana derivatives, precise dosage is at once more critical and more difficult to achieve with any synthetic or concentrate like crack. This leads us to an essential point. Though the anti-drug crusaders, in their self-righteousness, may imagine that most drug users are irrational and self-destructive, the reality is that most of them are People Like Us. Some drinkers drink to destroy themselves; the vast majority prefer to drink safely and happily and therefore moderate their drinking. The majority of recreational drug users would prefer to do the same.

Normal people have good instincts for self-preservation. Thus, without much pressure from the government, we have seen in recent years a powerful trend toward weaker versions of legal drugs—wine coolers in place of distilled spirits, filtered cigarettes low in tar and nicotine, even decaffeinated coffee and tea. To be sure, drunk-driving laws may have accelerated the trend; but, whatever their imperfections, the laws against drunk driving are far more rational than the drug laws in that they outlaw not substances but obviously reckless behavior. Just because drunk-driving laws are fairly rational, there is less rebellion against them. On the whole, the trend toward safer dosages of legal drugs gives massive testimony to the rationality of normal people.

Under current law, no such trend is possible for illegal



Ivan Sanford

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Drug prohibition is a financial version of what lawyers call an 'attractive nuisance,' like an unfenced swimming pool in a neighborhood full of children. The profits are so huge they can tempt people normally beyond the reach of corruption

drugs. The war on drugs is a war on rational behavior by drug users. With illegal drugs the trend is accelerating in the wrong direction, not because of the thrill-seeking or self-destructive minority, but because of the dynamics of the markets for contraband. Synthetic drugs to replace heroin are already available and are as much as a thousand times more potent than the real thing. Synthetic crack cannot be far behind. Not only are synthetics less bulky and easier to conceal, they can be made anywhere, eliminating the need to cross national borders with drugs made from foreign natural ingredients. The escalated drug war virtually guarantees their eventual dominance of the market. To be sure, high-dosage drugs can be "cut" by retailers and users, but it is easy to get a dosage fatally wrong.

These perversities of drug enforcement encouraged the crack craze. But it is important to remember that they are not accidental perversities. They are the natural outgrowth of two things: the world view of the anti-drug crusaders and the self-interest of the drug-enforcement establishment —the narcocracy. The anti-drug crusader would suffer a blow to his self-righteous rhetoric if he admitted that drug users and the drugs they use are a varied lot—that many drug users are rationally self-protective and that many of them use mild dosages of not very harmful substances. He could not then depict millions of Americans as either depraved criminals or helpless victims, or paint the country as being in the grip of a major crisis. Similarly, if the narcocracy owned up to the truth, both its self-esteem and its budget would be seriously diminished. For beyond all the headlines about crack lies the truth about the narcocracy, which is that most of its law-enforcement activities and related propaganda are really aimed at marijuana. More than half of all drug arrests are for the simple possession of small quantities of marijuana. This is absurd. Marijuana carries some health risks, but it is no more dangerous than many substances that are legal. Yet marijuana enforcement is the bread and butter of the drug-war biz.

The narcocracy's need to convince its funders in the government and the public at large that we face an undifferentiated "drug crisis" is what makes the war against drugs so damaging. Above all, it undermines drug education. Though it would be difficult to prove, it is probable that one of the reasons "the street" didn't accept warnings about crack is that the same people who are responsible for issuing those warnings are still claiming that marijuana is an extremely dangerous, or even "the most dangerous," drug. Why believe an obvious propaganda machine that is constantly making flatly ludicrous claims, such as the wild assertion by White House drug advisor Carlton Turner that marijuana may cause homosexuality? Or how about the pronouncement by the head of the Alcohol, Drug Abuse, and Mental Health Administration, Dr. Donald Macdonald, that marijuana causes AIDS, because most intravenous-drug users used marijuana before they used intravenous drugs? Would any person of that level of intelligence say something so obviously stupid if he didn't have to beg money from Congress every year? Perhaps Macdonald just wanted to distract attention from the role drug prohibition has played in the spread of AIDS among heterosexuals by making it hard for intravenous drug users to get clean needles.

The narcocracy's obsession with marijuana has gone so far as to include proposals to withhold alcohol- and drug-rehabilitation funds from states that decriminalize possession of pot. In Alaska this might not be a problem, but in New York the consequences would be disastrous. This sort of thinking makes credible drug education for children politically impossible. This is perhaps the most perverse of all the costs of this failed program. By trying to justify arresting adults, we undermine the efforts to keep children from using drugs. Billions of dollars aside, there are many other costs, both at home and abroad.

Drug prohibition is a financial version of what lawyers call an "attractive nuisance," like an unfenced swimming pool in a neighborhood full of children. The profits are so huge that they can tempt people who are normally beyond the reach of corruption. This is particularly true of the poor of Latin America. A peasant can let his family starve, or he can grow coca. An unemployed pilot can let his family live on the ragged edge of poverty, or he can make a few trips north. Even in the U.S. sometimes there is the motive of genuine need, especially in the slums, or among farmers and ranchers teetering on the edge of bankruptcy.

Over the last few years more than three hundred state and federal officials have been charged with drug-related corruption or actual trafficking, undoubtedly only a fraction of those actually involved at every level. So, when we scold Mexico and other Latin American countries about their corruption, they tend to regard us as hypocrites. However, the fact is that the attractive nuisance of drug prohibition has greatly increased corruption in those countries as well, to the point where it is destabilizing their governments. In the case of Bolivia the *narcotraficantes* even took control of the country for a time—the so-called Cocaine Coup—but Bolivian governments usually don't last very long anyway. Mexico, on the other hand, is a situation that we must take very seriously, and Colombia is immediately south of the Panama Canal.

Throughout Latin America there has evolved a cynical but pragmatic alliance between smugglers and Communist terrorists. The more we increase the pressure, the closer this alliance will become, and the more the Communists will benefit from the profits. The ultimate outcome could be a complete Communist takeover of the drug business. The profits would *far* exceed Soviet expenditures on Nicaragua and even Cuba. Communist involvement is already

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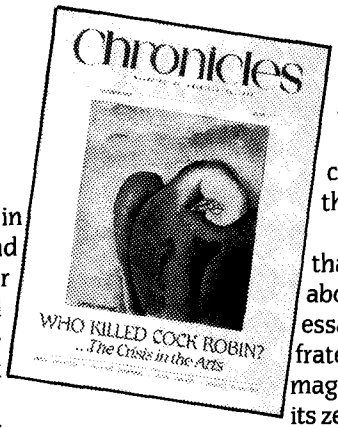

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Chronicles A Magazine of American Culture

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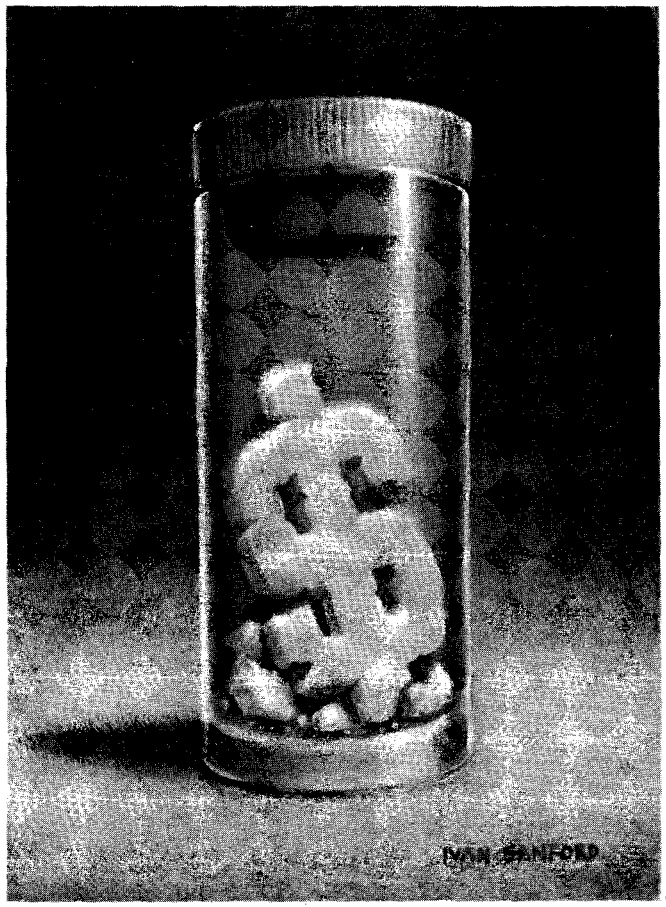
The tragicomical, degrading, dehumanizing invasion of private bodily functions is the perfect symbol of drug prohibition, the logical conclusion of the subordination of the individual to a failed policy. We are not going to be drug-free, just unfree

being used as a justification for intensifying the drug war, but it is the very intensity of U.S. efforts that has put so much power in the hands of our committed enemies. As the narcocrats make the problem worse, they will demand ever more power to solve it.

The American criminal-justice system, meanwhile, is on the verge of collapse because of drug prohibition. Even if expensive drug habits did not create criminals—and there is no doubt that they sometimes do—the cost of illegal drugs certainly increases the number of crimes that criminal addicts must commit. Drugs are without a doubt the most powerful corrupters of the police and the court system. For those who have not been corrupted, the failure of the drug laws to have a positive impact on the drug problem has caused great frustration. This has led to calls for more power to be given to the police, and even to calls for suspending the Constitution. There is no prospect of this happening on a wholesale basis, but our liberties are being incrementally eroded at a rapid pace. The existing and proposed laws constitute the basic elements of a socialist police state. There are already controls on cash and capital transfers, calls for the canceling of hundred-dollar bills, violations of the long-standing principle of lawyer-client confidentiality, and the authority to seize the accused's property *before* a trial or even *after* acquittal.



Ivan Sanford

Perhaps the greatest damage to the criminal-justice system is done simply by making criminals out of the twenty to thirty million Americans who regularly use marijuana. As a social and health problem for adults and children, marijuana does not even begin to compare with alcohol. We have had almost twenty years of experience with the drug. Many children and some adults have problems with it, and many have quit using it (much more easily than alcohol or tobacco). It certainly is not harmless and should not be used by children, or by adults in the workplace or while driving, but where are the mortality tables? Where are the illnesses and/or social pathologies comparable to those which can be documented for every other widely used drug? Perhaps the absurdity and hypocrisy that dooms drug prohibition can be best summed up in a simple juxtaposition. *Approximately one thousand Americans per day die alcohol- and tobacco-related deaths. Approximately the same number of Americans are arrested every day for the simple possession of marijuana.*

Any realistic approach to the drug problem must begin with the legalization of small-scale cultivation and sale of marijuana to separate it from the other, more dangerous drugs. If we are going to continue to use force to try to suppress the stronger drugs, the resources currently being used on marijuana must be transferred to them. If we are going to find a controlled legal delivery system and safe packaging for the other drugs, obviously the same will apply to pot.

We need not fear that if we stop the lying and the hypocrisy, the American people are going to destroy themselves with drugs. Any effective anti-drug program is going to have to recognize that alcohol abuse is the major American drug problem, and that most of the social problems associated with illegal drugs are primarily a function of their illegality, created by prohibition. A really drug-free America would necessarily be an alcohol-free America, and we know from experience that this is not possible. Consequently, any program that is aimed at keeping children away from drugs, instead of drugs away from adults, is going to have to deal honestly with *legal* drugs—alcohol, tobacco, etc.—and with the differences between adults and children, a distinction unpopular with both adolescents and authoritarians of all ages.

In his anti-drug speech, President Reagan urged: "Please remember this when your courage is tested: You are Americans. You're the product of the freest society mankind has ever known. No one—ever—has the right to destroy your dreams and shatter your life." Precisely, Mr. President. And we should remember exactly the same thing when our urine is tested. This tragicomical, degrading, dehumanizing

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invasion of private bodily functions is the perfect symbol of drug prohibition, the logical conclusion of the subordination of the individual to a failed policy. We are not going to be drug-free, just unfree. □

REAGANITES AT RISK

Richard Vigilante

PHIL CRANE hasn't been heard from much over the past six years. For most of the 1970s he was one of the two or three best-known movement conservatives in the House of Representatives. In 1980 Crane was eminent enough to be a fallback presidential candidate in case Reagan faltered. Indeed, the gossip on the eclipse of Crane's career in the Reagan years is that he took his own 1980 run for the nomination a bit too seriously for the tastes of the Reagan people.

He was heard from again this September when the national press noted that he was the only Republican congressman to vote against the House Omnibus Drug Bill before it was sent to the Senate. If it is ambition that makes our politicians cowards, perhaps ambition denied has the opposite effect. Crane, explaining his vote later, made the obvious and sensible point: Since drug abuse "cannot be eliminated from society," it is bad policy to "spend $6 billion, cut corners on civil liberties, and expand the power of government in ways that we might regret later," in pursuit of an unattainable goal.

In the House debates, people who took that position were denounced as irresponsible drug symps who took abstractions like federalism and civil liberties and the excessive size and power of government more seriously than the lives of children. Rough stuff. Not too surprising, either, given the bad name civil libertarians have given civil liberties. For the past few decades, every time some municipality has shut down a LIVE ON STAGE! SEX SHOW, or allowed a crèche in a public park, or tried to forbid American Nazis from harassing people who outlived the German variety, or suggested that parents be consulted before their children are retrofitted for free love, some civil libertarian has shown up to cry wolf at the top of his lungs. It becomes easy to dismiss charges of "Police state!"

Nevertheless, Crane was right. Most conservative politicians have behaved irresponsibly on the drug issue, panicking in the face of a media-created crisis, attempting to expand government powers to do for the reckless what they might refuse to do for the poor: protect them from themselves. But though their behavior has been slavishly political, in the long run it may be impolitic. The drug war as it is being waged now violates not merely the abstract symbols of civil liberties beloved of left-wing intellectuals; it violates genuinely important rights in ways Americans have not in the past been disposed to tolerate.

The last drug scare comparable to this one started back in the 1960s and was fused in the public mind with the generation gap, hippies, draft dodgers, cheap sex, revolutionaries, and all the other forces that threatened the fabric of decent society. For a time at least, it was possible to believe drug users as well as drug dealers were the enemy. They were suspect victims, seduced to the dark side, to be feared and fought as well as pitied. It was in this atmosphere that possession of a single marijuana cigarette could earn an 18-year-old ten years in a Texas prison. As late as 1972, *NR* senior editor Jeffrey Hart could write that we ought to keep marijuana illegal because the drug laws were a good weapon against the counterculture. Popular opinion was already swinging the other way, but Hart articulated perfectly the view that had made the drug crackdown a conservative cause in those contentious days.

Punishing users eventually became an insupportable position. Eventually everybody knew some "good kids" who had been busted; it was impossible to think of them as the enemy. It became impossible as well to imagine that an arrest record or a few months in prison would do them less harm than a little dope. Most people still hated the idea of kids or anybody else using drugs, and the evidence of their harmfulness continued to mount. But the price of punishing users seemed too high, and by and large the country gave up on that tactic. In New York, marijuana was decriminalized in 1977, just four years after the Rockefeller drug laws, which, enacted as the drug panic had passed its peak, prescribed up to 15 years' imprisonment for possession of one ounce of marijuana and six years to life for possession of small amounts of narcotics.

In the decade since, the war against drugs has been fought on the supply side, with enforcement efforts focusing on major dealers. As Richard Cowan points out, such high-level enforcement raises profit margins and also favors the most organized dealers, such as the Mafia. Concentrating police resources on glamor prosecutions wherein the defendants can offer millions in bribe money guarantees widespread corruption. And, of course, the supply-side tactics proved to be utterly ineffective. It is impossible, in a free society, to catch any significant percentage of wholesale couriers, who can pick their time and place of entry into the country and then move about with utter freedom once they are here. Though there have been dozens of huge, well-publicized drug busts and enforcement campaigns, yielding billions in confiscated drugs, these campaigns have had no sustained impact on drug abuse. The *French Connection* heroin was stolen, by police, out of an evidence locker and sold on the street.

Everyone knows this. You can curb drug use only by punishing users as well as dealers—the incentives to use drugs are lower than the incentives to sell them. Singapore shoots dealers and flogs users, and has no drug problem. Criminologists have demonstrated that, on the average, arresting even heroin users significantly deters their future drug use. But if you sensibly decide that punishing users is too high a price to pay, you have to forget about win-

Mr. Vigilante is the Article Editor of NATIONAL REVIEW.

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On the whole, the Reagan agenda tends toward a freer society. But a political movement that proposes to make outcasts of thirty million citizens has poor long-term prospects. What for a few months looked like a bandwagon may end up being an overstuffed tumbrel

ning the drug war through enforcement. This is what the country began to concede as the Sixties came to a close.

What has happened in the latest panic is that we have forgotten these hard-learned lessons. We have decided once again to make curbing drug use a major government objective, and in the best management-by-objective style we have chosen to ignore the impediments. No one *decided* to go after users again; had the question been posed so explicitly the new drug crusade might never have gotten off the ground. But the necessity is unavoidable. If you decide to fight a major drug war you are going to have to go after users no matter how loudly you proclaim them victims. That is exactly what is happening.

The centerpiece of user harassment is the drug-testing craze. To his credit, Ronald Reagan shot down proposals from the Justice Department and the office of Personnel Management for wholesale compulsory testing of federal employees. Nevertheless, some federal employees will be tested simply because they hold sensitive or safety-related jobs, even if their behavior on the job is exemplary. Indeed, the government has helped establish a public consensus that not testing in such cases would be irresponsible.

It is easy to see how people would take such a position; it is an easy line to step over. Employment is voluntary, and employees already allow employers to violate their privacy in lots of ways. But drug use is a crime; we have a long tradition of forbidding arbitrary searches where crimes are suspected, of presuming innocence where there is no specific evidence of wrongdoing, and of not forcing people to procure evidence against themselves. Employers aren't police, so drug testing is clearly not a violation of the Fourth and Fifth Amendments. But the Fourth and Fifth Amendments not only prescribe government actions, they help describe a free society. The presumption of innocence is as important a social rule as it is a legal rule; nor do we want a society whose members have so little sense of self that assertions of privacy are generally regarded as either eccentric or guilty.

These are not considerations of absolute importance, but they are important enough that we should not dismiss them without good reason. It is rhetorically effective to say that we cannot afford a single air-traffic controller on drugs and therefore we must test them all, even if their performance indicates their innocence. But there is no reason to believe drug use among air-traffic controllers has reached dangerous proportions—no major crash has been linked to drug use. Thus when we compromise what the air-traffic controllers, like most Americans, regard as their traditional rights, we get for that violation no more than an insignificant increase in public confidence and probably no increase in public safety.

Universal testing in sensitive occupations is the hardest case. Yet the Federal Government is encouraging even wider testing. It has promoted the utterly false notion that drug abuse is on the increase and has reached crisis proportions. It has authorized agency heads to require certain federal contractors to test their employees. And it has offered assistance to private employers who wish to do tests. The President and his Cabinet members all had their urine tested. Big business, whose professional managers may be the most fashion-conscious group in the nation, has jumped on the bandwagon. Worst of all, a clear majority of Americans favors widespread testing.

If we are to believe the anti-drug crusaders, more than thirty million Americans now use illegal drugs at least occasionally. According to the crusaders' own figures, few of these people are habitual or abusive users, and most use nothing more powerful than marijuana (which shows up better than any other illegal drug in the urine tests). Society has no interest in doling out significant punishments to casual users; we learned that last time. Even if we are convinced that we need to keep drug use a crime, the casual users are the guilty ones we want to get away. They walk like responsible citizens, talk like responsible citizens, and do their jobs like responsible citizens; if they didn't, we would not need drug tests to find them out.

Furthermore, drug tests cannot distinguish between casual use and habitual abuse. Thus even if the results of employee tests are shielded from police scrutiny, these perfectly decent citizens face significant harm, including loss of livelihood and reputation, should drug testing become widespread. Punishing these people to that extent will do more harm both to them and to society than leaving them alone. This is exactly what should be expected when we start looking so hard for criminals that we find them even though we can detect no effects of their crime.

For these reasons, drug testing and other intrusive enforcement measures will not long be tolerated if they are ever widely employed. The baby-boomers in particular, who now make up the bulk of the workforce, will not tolerate in their thirties and forties harassment they rejected in their teens and twenties. Even those who do not use drugs will reject the notion that their friends should lose their jobs because of a minor indulgence.

For six years the Left has been screaming that Ronald Reagan and his right-wing allies are a threat to freedom. The screaming has had little effect because up till now the charge has been absurd. On the whole, the Reagan agenda tends toward a freer society, especially for people who rank the importance of various freedoms differently from the way left-wing intellectuals do. But a political movement that proposes to make outcasts of thirty million citizens has poor long-term prospects. What for a few months looked like a bandwagon may end up being an overstuffed tumbrel.

Embracing the drug hysteria requires a rejection of es-

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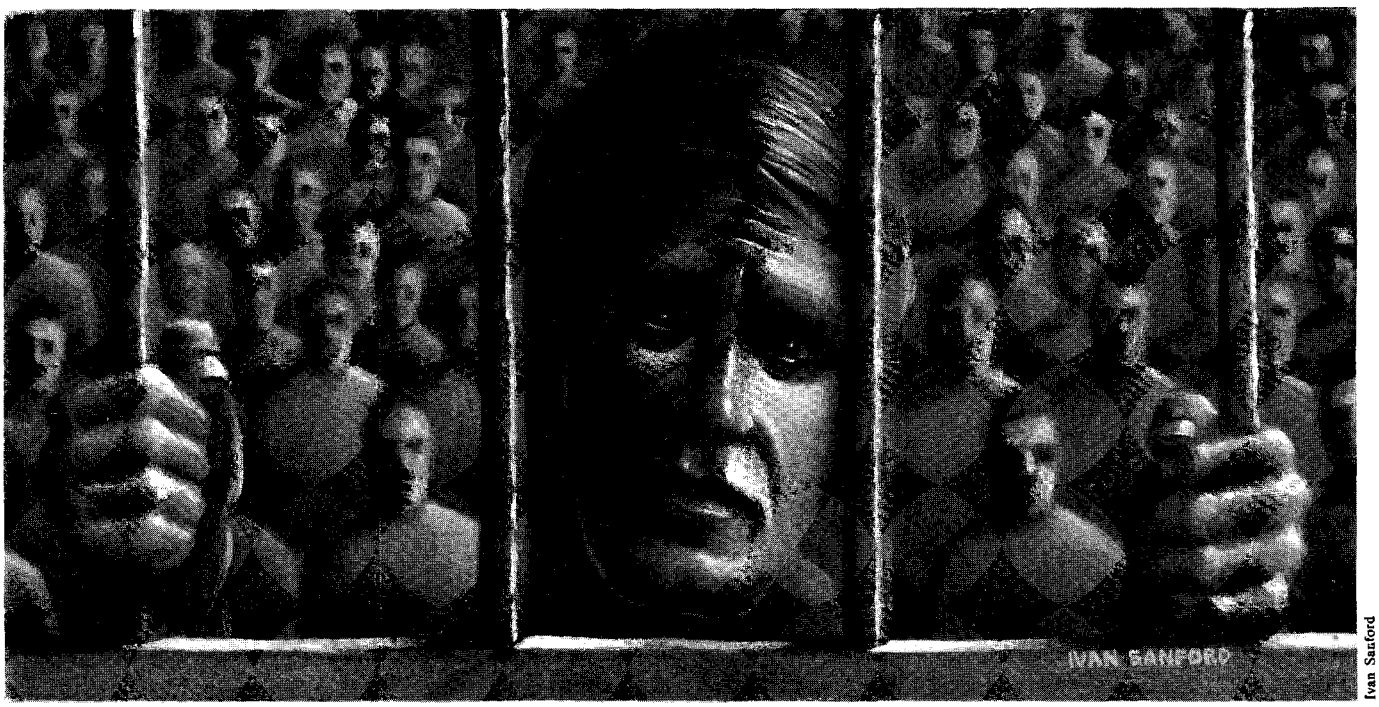
Most repulsive is the media's tendency to treat millionaire playboy cocaine addicts as victims, as if addiction were a natural catastrophe that befalls the helpless rather than the result of self-indulgence

sential conservative principles. In a democratic society, the crucial psychological step in justifying coercion is to become convinced that those who are to be coerced lack the judgment to make minimally sensible decisions about their own welfare. Since this is an ability nearly all people feel they have, those who are to be coerced must be alleged to be unlike us, by virtue either of their abilities or of their circumstances. Yet democracy depends on a formal commitment to regarding our fellow citizens as equals with us in their rights to govern themselves—except in the face of powerful and specific evidence to the contrary. This is the essence of the rule of law. The welfare state, for instance, corrupts democracy and corrodes the rule of law precisely by judging that tens of millions of citizens, with nothing in common but the modesty of their means, should have their lives arranged for them by the poverty warriors.

This same corrosive assertion is crucial to the drug war. Only serious drug addicts, a small percentage of all who use illegal drugs, can be said to be incapable of self-governance. Yet nearly all drug users are implicitly alleged by the crusaders to have surrendered their free wills. The most repulsive instance of this is the tendency of the media to treat millionaire playboy cocaine addicts as victims, as if addiction were a natural catastrophe that befalls the helpless rather than the result of self-indulgence. Similarly, the media tell us that crack is an "epidemic" that "invaded" the ghetto, as if the drug were an insidious agent with a will of its own, ruining otherwise stable and happy lives. Surely it is more likely that crack found a home in the ghetto because it is mostly used by people who take more risks because they have less to lose. It is true that the ghetto poor are in some sense victims, both of racism and of government policies that seek to make them dependents rather than citizens. But to imply that they are utter victims, passive objects of passing plagues, is to surrender to the worst and most elitist fallacies of the welfare state.

The image of drug abuse as unwilled catastrophe provides an excuse for ignoring real social crises. The catastrophe model begs the question of why people are willing to overcome great obstacles of cost and risk to use drugs. The anti-drug crusaders aren't surprised by drug abuse, because they have stopped thinking of users as free agents. But we ought to be surprised. We might find part of the explanation in a divorce rate that left more than one million children in broken homes last year, or in the fact that more than half of American children come from homes in which both parents work. And let's not forget the neuroses of a generation that was persuaded that self-fulfillment was not only a right but a solemn duty. If the good life consists of a succession of personal highs, who can blame the temporarily unthrilled for getting a little chemical help?

If we think about the drug problem in this way, rather than using it as a scapegoat for our larger problems, we will find that we are thinking about ourselves as we really are, not about users and dealers as we imagine them to be, utterly unlike ourselves. That's a lot harder than "declaring war on crack," but it's more honest and it will do a lot more good. □



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Pan
In
Bali

Love Before The Rains

Richard Brookhiser

When two young Balinese girls made an offering at my swimming pool, I finally realized that I was in a pagan country.

I had already seen such offerings in Bali—grains of rice on banana leaves, hibiscus blossoms in small woven baskets. I saw them on the dashboards of taxis, in the doorways of houses and stores, on the sidewalks, the beaches, the dirt. Every stone statue of a god or demon had a fresh flower behind its ear every morning, and the statues were everywhere. Two guard the ends of every highway bridge: Picture offerings in the Lincoln Tunnel. But somehow it was at the swimming pool that it sank in. The girls, who carried a trayful of blooms, set two on the plastic cap over the vent where the water recirculated, smiled their shy, sweet Balinese smiles, and went on to finish their rounds.

Good Morning, Waterfall

Nominally Bali is Hindu. But in practice, the religion of Bali was the purest form I have ever seen of the natural religion of mankind—paganism.

By paganism, I mean the belief that anything important, or incomprehensible, or merely noteworthy in the natural world is alive, and that it is therefore necessary to stay on good terms with it. Since you can't simply speak to a waterfall, or the sun, magic and ritual are the means of maintaining the relationship.

It keeps the Balinese busy and, it seems, happy. Thomas Molnar and Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn have written eloquently in these pages of the horrors of paganism on the hoof, in Benares, or Haiti: fear, violence, degradation. The Balinese have escaped all that. Unlike the Hindus of India, they eat their cows—beautiful creatures with white rumps, mocha hides, and eyes like Sophia Loren. When they harvest the rice, they must conceal the knives in their hands, so as not to alarm the rice goddess. No ceremony can occur without the racket of Balinese music, and there are plenty of ceremonies.

Pagans, happy or unhappy, pose a problem for their non-pagan fellows. The more formal creeds of the world, particularly the monotheistic faiths born in the Middle East, take a dim view of paganism, and try to supplant it whenever they can, but it has a way of persisting. Christians put up Christmas trees; the rules of Judaism suggest taboos; even the austere Moslem must go once in his life to Mecca to dance around a box with a rock in it. If paganism is what men do naturally in the absence of revelation, then what is the relation of revelation to nature?

There is a spectrum of six possible answers. We could agree, with Thrasymachus and Nietzsche, that there is no truth, natural or revealed. Conceivably, this is correct, but it is the end of thought rather than thought—though if one is as good a writer as Nietzsche, the endgame can be stretched out quite a ways. We may say there are truths, but that religions distort and conceal them—the position of a *philosophe*—or that all religions express them equally well—the position of those in charge at St. John the Divine. Finally, there are the Christian answers: that natural religion contains some truth, though only partial; that apart from revelation there is no truth, though a merciful God enables the truthless to live adequate lives, no thanks to them; that apart from revelation there is nothing period, and if you happen to be born up the Amazon or one hundred years B.C., tough luck (if you are a Balinese living unmoved within earshot of a missionary, tough luck in spades). The Christian options can be transposed into Jewish keys, in answer to the question, What does God think about Gentiles?

Nowadays, answer #6—tough luck—strikes most Christians as unsustainably ferocious. The more exclusive, or more logical, Christians tend therefore to fall back on answer #5—mercy for the blind. Over the years, however, most Christian philosophers have thought along the lines of answer #4—the stubborn effort to relate faith and nature.

Pan Is Dead

Christian paganophiles often seek a reconciliation in history. The myths and cults of the classical age were the best available in their time and place. But by the time of the birth of Christ, Graeco-Roman paganism had run out of steam; the most sensitive pagans felt that the old ways were about to be supplanted. No one who has read Edmund Spenser can forget the haunting episode from Plutarch's *Of the Failure*

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of Oracles, quoted in a note to *The Shepheardes Calender*: Thamus, the passenger of a boat becalmed off Paxae, is directed by a mysterious, disembodied voice: "When you come opposite to Palodes, say that the Great Pan is dead." When he does so, the air fills with a passion of wailing.

The historical synthesis makes a poignant story: an old world dying, a new one born. The relation of natural religion and revelation becomes a progression, like a cycle of nature. Paganism makes way for revelation; it may give way to it. The historical argument is vulnerable, however, to comparison with the evidence of other history. What was true of the paganism of the Mediterranean basin two millennia ago may not be true of paganism elsewhere, or now. The cousins of the Great Pan seem healthy enough in the minds of the Balinese. A Christian who waits for paganism to wither may wait a long time.

Another argument is that paganism, even when it is a going concern, points beyond itself, implying the existence of the revelation it lacks. "The pagan soul," noted Evelyn Waugh, "has been compared to a bird flying through a lighted hall and out into the darkness. Better, to a bird fluttering about in the gloom, beating against the windows when all the time the doors are open to the air and sun." The bird, this argument runs, senses that it is fluttering, and yearns, because of—not despite—its nature, for open spaces.

Here we are on firmer ground. Paganism persists, which proves that it satisfies some human impulses. But alternatives constantly appear, which suggests that it isn't wholly satisfactory. Brahman, Zoroastrian, and Shinto priests systematized the gods of the Indians, Persians, and Japanese. Buddha, Confucius, and Socrates directed attention elsewhere. Christianity, Judaism, and Islam denied the gods their authority. These recurring escapes from paganism—even those which a Christian considers deluded and worthless—indicate that people continually find paganism, even at its best, deficient. The escapes also show that paganism does not completely close the mind to what is better than itself.

The New Albigensians

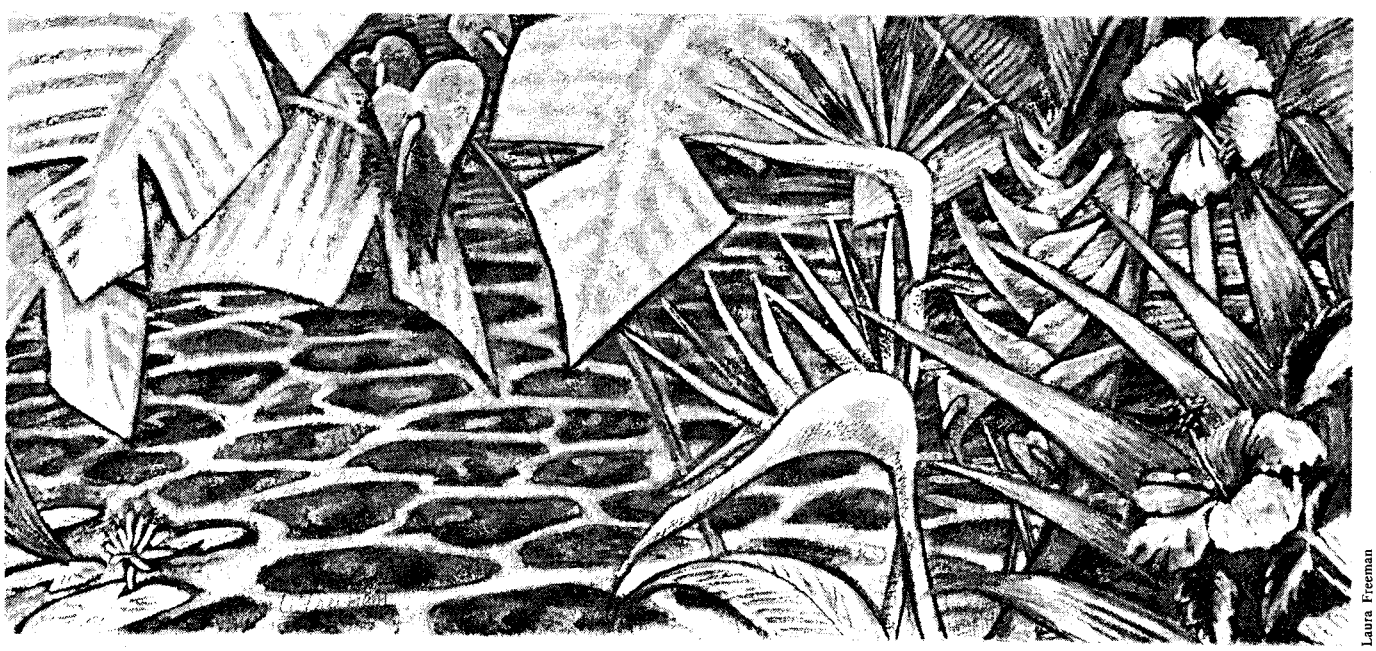
Christians try to salvage paganism because, on the whole, it is better to worship parts and pieces of nature than to hate it, as Manicheans and Neo-Platonists do. Thinking about paganism is especially important these days since world-hatred, rather than world-worship, is the more present danger.

Much of the moralizing about modern life (life in America in particular) implicitly accuses it of pagan extravagance—the Right focusing on license, the Left focusing on materialism, intelligent men of all persuasions reacting in dismay to the general witlessness. As is often the case with moral editorials, we are not warned against the thing that threatens us most: not overindulgence, but dissatisfaction: the hatred—of nature, the world, reality—that lies behind our personal and public crises. We do not suffer because we are happy with the wrong things; we suffer from pursuing the wrong things because we are not happy.

In public affairs, it is hatred that has nourished all radical efforts to start over again—whether in the name of reason, socialism, or national socialism. In private life, self-hatred—rather than senses or emotions—is the true source of sensual and emotional excesses. Adultery and promiscuity have less to do with rude health than with angry boredom.

The Swiss philosopher Denis de Rougemont even argued, in *Love in the Western World*, that the cult of romantic love, which shapes so many of our sexual fantasies, grew out of the grim world view of the Albigensians. Albigensianism was an ascetic heresy that preached release from a world of pain and evil. The heroes and heroines of the Provençal troubadours' romances wanted death more than they wanted each other, and their perverse desires continue to influence ours by poetic trickle-down. I don't know enough about the history or the literature of the Middle Ages to know if de Rougemont was literally correct. But psychologically, he was right on the mark. *Tristan und Isolde* and *Midnight Blue* are the results of droughts of contentment, not floods of love.

Paganism isn't always as mild as it seems at poolside, beneath a moon the size of a fingernail clipping and a sunset as blue and pink as a Fifties car. But even at its bloody worst, it never produced a Stalin, or a Shelley. It took post-Christians—men who had tasted revelation—to do that. □



Laura Freeman

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LONDON'S BIGGER BANG

"DISGUSTING young louts," muttered one elderly stockbroker as he watched the new breed chanting and popping champagne corks on the eve of the Big Bang in the City of London. The square mile of the City is the oldest part of London, the crossing point of the Thames where the Romans built their town; but for several centuries now it has been chiefly a financial district, Britain's Wall Street. Its affairs were run like those of a gentlemen's club, where most people knew and trusted each other, bargains could be made by word of mouth, and standards of integrity were self-imposed. What the City called the Big Bang, which occurred on October 27, wrought a cataclysmic change in this traditional way of life.

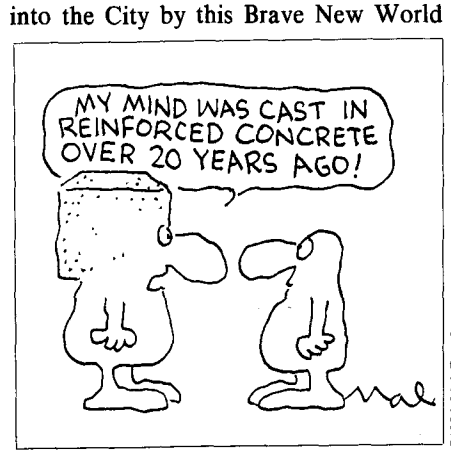
Some change was inevitable anyway. Even Lloyd's, which epitomized the old club-like system and became insurer to the world because of its members' absolute commitment to a bargain, had been shaken lately by more than one scandal. It had expanded too fast, indeed the whole City had expanded, and the new arrivals didn't always abide by the old standards.

There were newcomers from abroad too. Japanese and American finance houses, with more aggressive attitudes, more up-to-date methods, and huge capital resources, had moved in, taking business away from British firms. London has the unique advantage, at a moment when share and currency dealings are becoming truly international, not only of speaking English and being financially sophisticated but of straddling the time zones. By reaching his desk early a dealer can catch the Tokyo market: by staying late he can cover New York: and he can trade in the London market during the day.

Pressure was put on the City, both by events and by the Conservative government, to accept a more competitive role. The initial change, reluctantly agreed to, was that, after a three-year period of grace, the old system of a uniform fixed commission on share-dealings would cease: but before that period expired in October, an avalanche of other changes occurred, with the result that the City of London is being transformed by a much bigger Bang than hit New York when fixed commissions were ended there in 1975.

The old, strictly observed division between stockbrokers, who dealt with the public, and "stock jobbers," who provided and priced the shares, has been abolished. Foreign firms can now join the London Stock Exchange, and all kinds of other institutions—banks, insurance companies, discount shareshops—will be able to trade without restrictive demarcations. Many firms have already merged or been taken over, and more will certainly follow. To prevent, as far as possible, conflicts of interest from which the public might suffer, new regulatory procedures are being established. And to make the whole thing work on an international scale a complex new communications network has been installed: inevitably, on Big Bang day it *didn't* work—the computers kept failing.

The young men (and, increasingly, young women) who have been drawn into the City by this Brave New World are more like Cockney street-traders than members of a gentlemen's club. The grueling pace of 18-hour-a-day dealing rooms, in which huge sums of money depend on instant reaction to changing figures on a video screen, burns them out by the age of thirty. In return they have been lured by "golden hellos," vast salaries, and performance-related bonuses. "What are those cranes?" somebody asked on Big Bang day, pointing to a construction site. "Bringing the salaries, I expect," was the reply.



But some of these high-fliers will crash, like Icarus, within the next two years. Indeed, whole firms will perish. There are too many people in the City now. But if the overall change turns out well, London could emerge certainly comparable with New York and Tokyo, and perhaps the most important financial center in the world; already it is the largest currency market. As one commentator observed, financial services could be for Britain what the automobile industry has been for America.

IT IS, however, a gamble; some critics say that the breakdown of those computers may have been symptomatic. And there are also political dangers. The Labour Party, which still thinks of producing wealth solely in terms of manufacturing objects that hurt if you drop them on your toe, regards the City as a casino and is committed to a program of confiscatory taxation, re-imposed exchange control, and the forced repatriation of British capital invested abroad. In the glare of the Big Bang, such an attitude looks quite extraordinarily foolish and outdated: but this is not a point easy to make in an election campaign when the voters are mainly worried about industrial unemployment.

On the other hand, the privatization

(Continues on page 62)

Mr. Lejeune is NR's longtime London correspondent.

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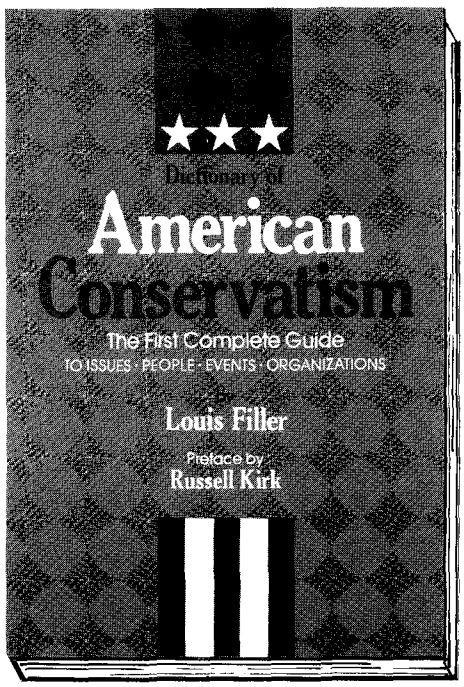

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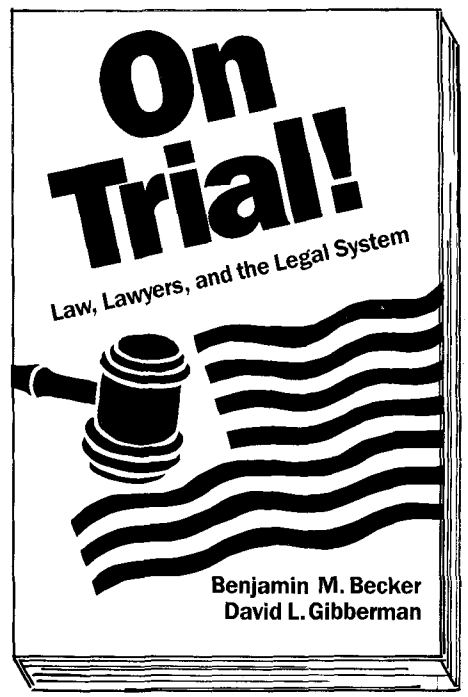

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"Moses and the true believers: Charlton Heston hovers over Nancy Reagan and William F. Buckley at the Plaza."—**M**

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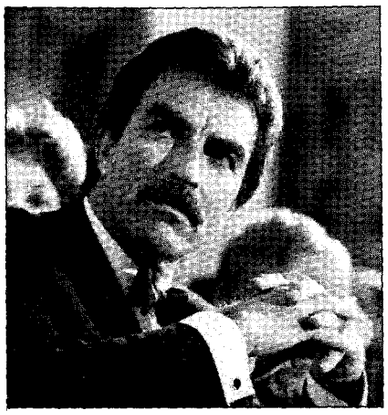
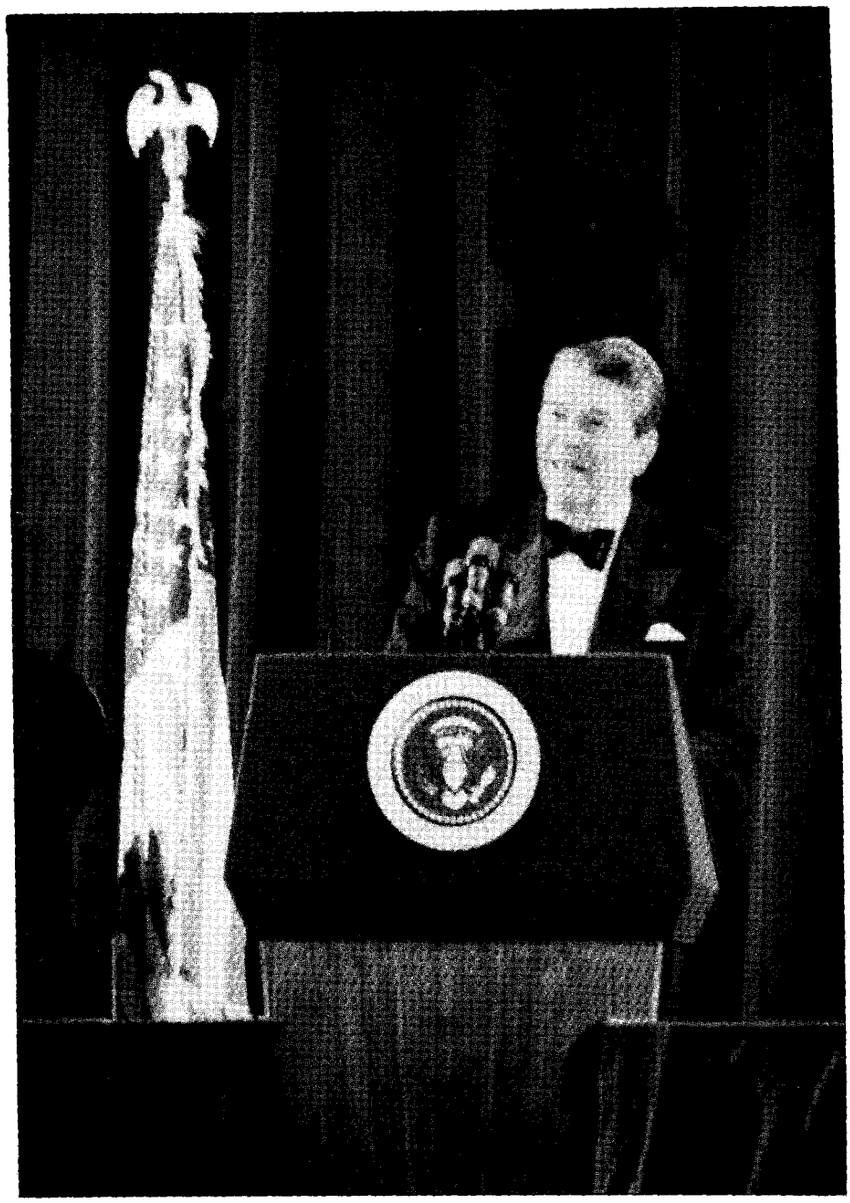


Top: Congressman Jack Kemp—"In twentieth-century America, who says 'conservatism' says National Review."

Bottom: "The gathering was a Who's Who of conservatism—supplemented by neoconservatives, a few journalists, and Tom Selleck."
—**The Washington Post**

Right: "The man standing before you now was a Democrat when he picked up his first issue in a plain brown wrapper; and even now, as an occupant of public housing, he awaits as anxiously as ever his biweekly edition—without the wrapper."



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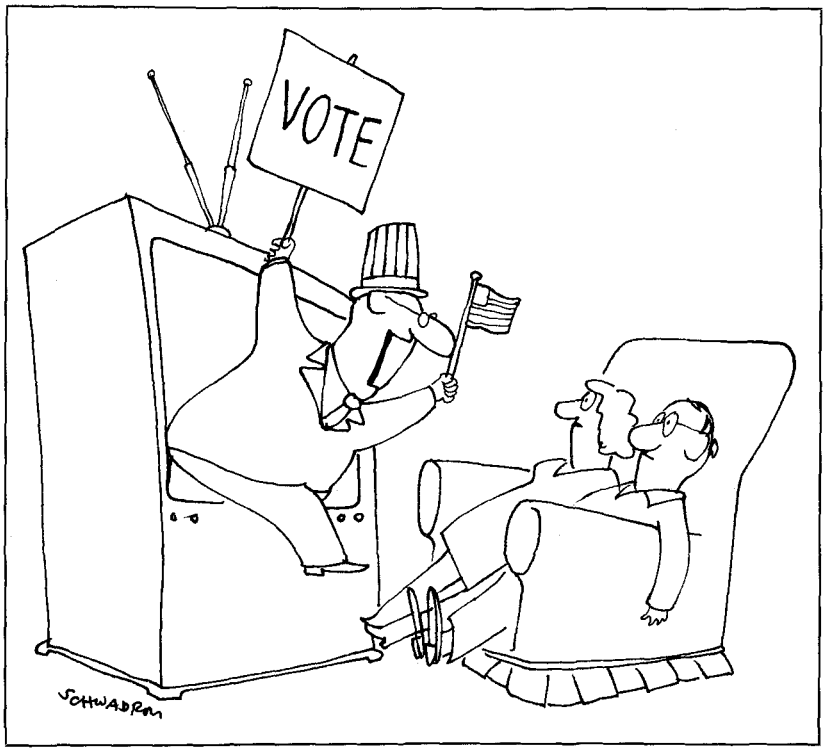
help !!!!

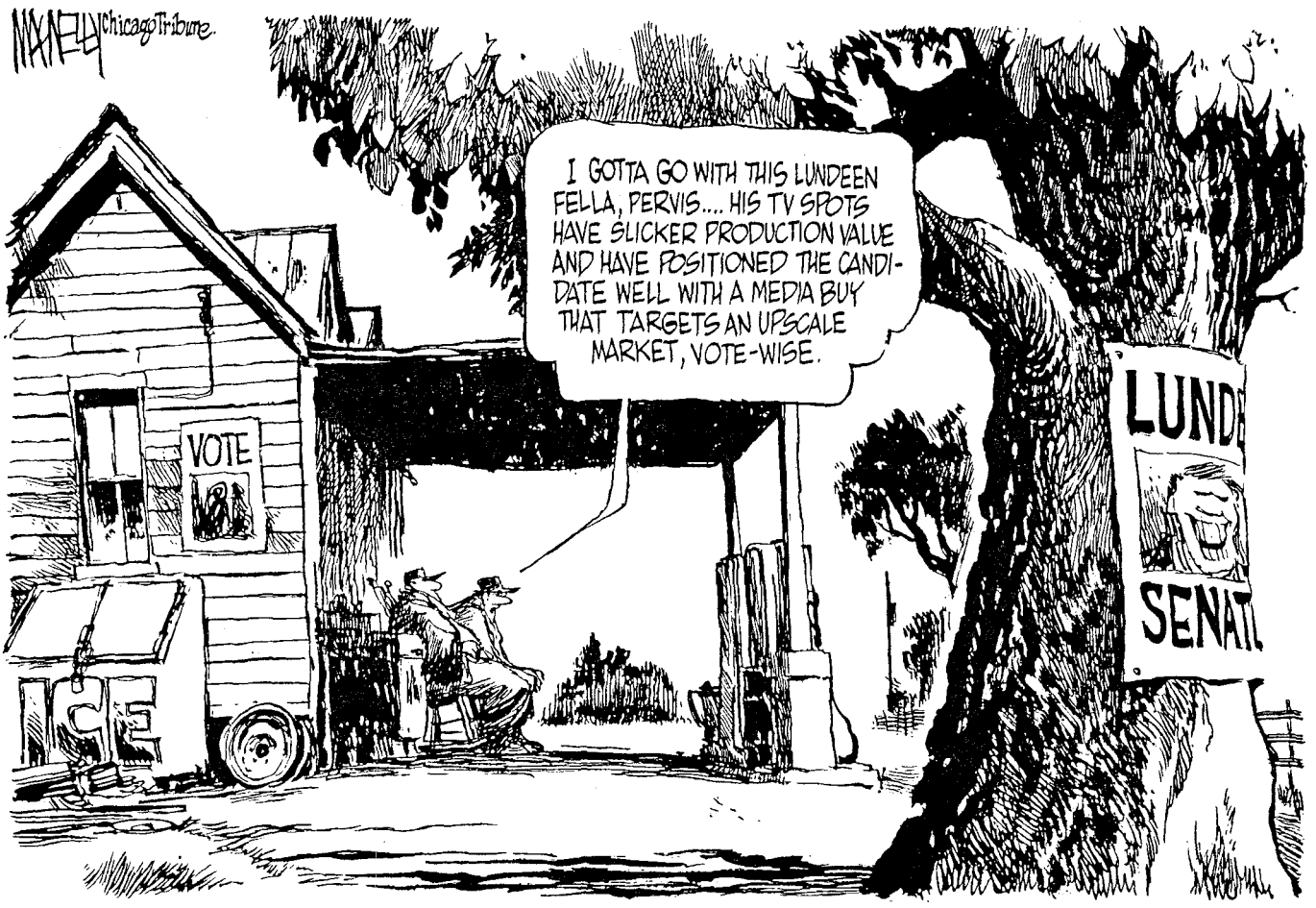
Politician in the Pew

His very public piety
Achieved such notoriety
That, just as he'd suspected,
In time he was elected.

Accomplishing his purpose thus,
He grew less sanctimonious
Until, a private citizen
Once more, he breathed his last "Amen"
And never went to church again.

MAUREEN CANNON




Chicago Tribune
I GOTTA GO WITH THIS LUNDEEN FELLA, PERVIS.... HIS TV SPOTS HAVE SLICKER PRODUCTION VALUE AND HAVE POSITIONED THE CANDIDATE WELL WITH A MEDIA BUY THAT TARGETS AN UPSCALE MARKET, VOTE-WISE.
VOTE
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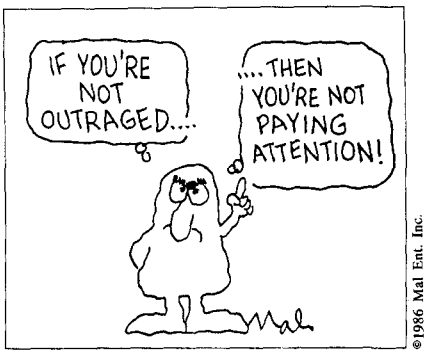

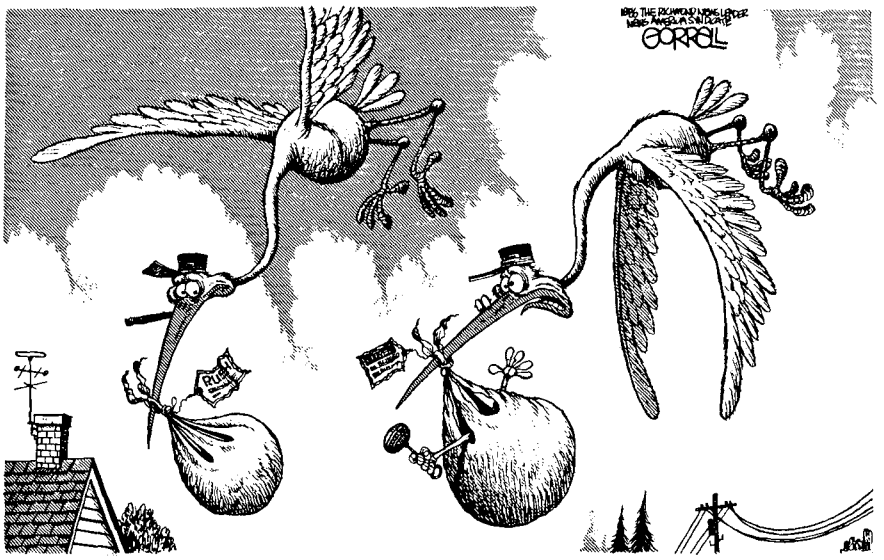

"Things are getting way too complicated, Bernie! . . . This morning, I accidently delivered the wrong test tube to an irate surrogate mother who was overdrawn at the sperm bank, giving birth to a major lawsuit! . . ."

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ABROAD

BILBAO *The Rhythm of Terrorism*

Recent escalations of Basque terrorism may come to threaten the structure of the 11-year-old Spanish democracy. The Basques have for centuries inhabited this part of Spain and certain adjoining frontier districts of France over the Pyrenees. They speak their own language, whose origin is unknown. The Basques call their homeland Euskadi, and claim it comprises seven Spanish provinces, including Navarre. Three of these provinces were given an autonomous parliament by the central government seven years ago. But Basque nationalists say this is not enough. For a while, most Basque nationalists were willing to negotiate peacefully with Spanish premier Felipe González. But with partial recognition of Basque claims, as the rhythm of terrorism works, the extreme wing of Basque nationalism has increasingly taken control. Its terrorist arm, the ETA, has been able to mount some impressive attacks of late, especially bombings of the armed forces and the police in Madrid, who, in turn, have reacted sharply to the rising level of violence. Basque political leadership has passed to the radical party Herri Batasuna ("A People United"), and its green, yellow, and white colors are splashed over public buildings and industrial structures throughout Basque territory. The party captured 200,000 votes in recent legislative elections in Navarre, but its five seats in the Cortes remain empty because it does not recognize the jurisdiction of the central government. Herri Batasuna's program calls for practical independence, including the withdrawal of all Spanish troops and police from the Basque provinces. The Spanish authorities' task of containment has been made easier of late by a change in the attitude of the French government, which now actively cooperates in combatting terrorist activity, arresting refugee Basques and returning them across the frontier. Basque nationalists, however, paraded ostentatiously in the smart seaside resort of St. Jean de Luz recently, reminding the French that there are also militant Basques among them.

BRUSSELS *Plus Ça Change*

Linguistic antagonism, which has been the curse of the modern Belgian state, has cropped up again in a particularly intense and microcosmic way, threatening the existence of the Belgian government and inflaming opinion throughout the country. Belgium is divided between the Walloons, who speak French, and the Flemings, who speak Flemish, a variety of Dutch. These two communities live together in an uneasy, watchful, and often acrimonious cohabitation, the Flemings in the north and the Walloons in the south, with Brussels a French-speaking island in the middle. (By and large, the Flemings represent the more vigorous industrial sectors of the national economy, and the Walloons the old coal-based smokestack industries.) The status quo has now collapsed in the village of Fourons, which is in the Flemish province of Limburg, but which has a majority of Francophones among its 4,500 people. The mayor of Fourons, José Happart, is fluent in French but not in Flemish, a requirement of the job. The Council of State, the Belgian constitutional court, ordered Happart to be removed from town hall and his place taken by Roger Wynants, who speaks both languages. This nugatory episode resulted in a cabinet crisis.

HANOI *Isolation*

One of Vietnam's biggest handicaps is its inability to come to terms with China. Border warfare between the two countries is practically endemic; the latest confirmed engagements occurred in mid October. The overt cause of hostility is the Vietnamese occupation of Cambodia. Peking has supported the old Khmer Rouge leader, Pol Pot, now a guerrilla leader along the Thai border, and has been pushing a peace plan put forward by the perennial Prince Norodom Sihanouk, which calls for evacuation of the country by the Vietnamese army. But the fate of Vietnam hangs largely on the state of relations between China and Vietnam's subsidizer, the Soviet Union. When relations between Moscow and Peking were cool, Hanoi could count on Soviet material and political support against Peking. But the Soviet Union and China have been talking together recently, and the Chinese have let the Russians know that nothing can be accomplished in Southeast Asia until the Vietnamese leave Cambodia.

TURIN *Taking Powders*

When Leonardo F. married Brunella G. here a few months ago, a traditional impediment to consummation made them seek help from a magician across the border in France. The magician obligingly supplied Leonardo with a love philter in the form of a yellow powder, which had the desired effect on his virility. But when the happy couple sought to return to Italy, a drug-detecting dog began to bark at them and to behave exactly as if confronting a large supply of heroin. Neither Leonardo nor Brunella was anxious to explain the true state of affairs and therefore the nature of the powder, so they spent a few days in jail until lab tests were performed on the substance. The powder was pronounced not to be any kind of harmful drug but simply "fragments of a vegetal nature," and the two were released.

Langdon, *Punch* / Rothco

"We claim responsibility. Hang on and I'll tell you who we are."

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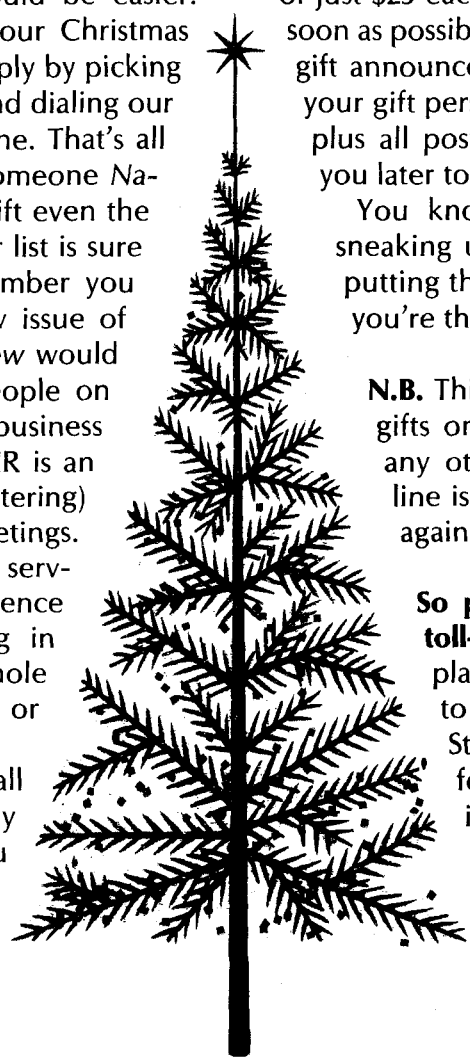

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POLICY BY PATHOLOGY

THE BIG PUSH is on. In recent months attention has been focused on teenage pregnancy and school-based clinics trying to prevent it. We are told that such clinics, dispensing contraceptives and referring for abortion, are springing up "across the country." In fact, it seems there are fifty to sixty of these clinics, affecting but a tiny fraction of the 14 million high-school students in the country. Some see the highly publicized "experiments" in places such as Chicago and New York as an opening wedge toward making such clinics universal. Others say the clinics are a specific response to the "pregnancy epidemic" among the black "underclass." It is hard to know which is more troubling.

One question is whether teenage pregnancy is really the problem. Another question is whether such clinics actually reduce teenage pregnancy. Family-policy expert Allan Carlson of the Rockford Institute has studied the data and concludes that such programs probably increase rather than decrease the incidence of student pregnancies. One study documents an increase in the number of pregnancies avoided, while another documents an increase in pregnancies. Carlson believes the paradox is not hard to explain: "A spiral of more sexually active teenagers, more contraception, more sexual encounters per teenager, and some level of contraceptive failure would produce *both* a rising level of *averted* pregnancies and a rising level of *real* pregnancies." And, of course, a rising level of aborted pregnancies, the recommended "backstop" to contraceptive failure.

Seventeen years as a pastor in black Brooklyn have convinced this writer that teenage pregnancy is not the problem. It is, rather, a symptom of the catastrophic collapse of the family in the bottom half of urban black America. There are many reasons for this collapse, ranging from welfare policies to the anti-family propaganda of the entertainment industry to the failure of black churches. A big factor is the government school system.

There is a cruelly twisted logic in the argument that more intervention by government schools can solve the problems created, in significant part, by government schools. In black Brooklyn, the public-school system and those in charge of it are as alien an institution as the branch of Chemical Bank. Schools, which were once meant to assist families, now increasingly seek to displace families. Sex clinics are but the opening of another front in the public schools' war against families. As a top administrator of the New York system explained to me, "If we could get hold of these kids earlier and control them longer, we could do more about the negative influences they get at home."

Admittedly, there is a circularity here. The schools say they must take over because families have broken down, and by taking over they weaken whatever family structure remains. This is social policy by pathology, and it assures the growth of the pathology. The opening sentence of a *New York Times* editorial on the sex clinics reads: "New York City's schoolchildren take early sex for granted." That is false. Some do, some don't. This is evident in a feature story in the same paper that explains why sex clinics must be "comprehensive," offering many other services. Otherwise, we are told, students seen going to a clinic will bear the "stigma" of being sexually active. But, at the same time that it declares juvenile rutting to be routine, the *Times* deplores the power of peer pressure toward promiscuity. There are few teenagers in Bedford-Stuyvesant who read the *Times*, but their teachers do, and the policymakers do. They build policies premised upon what they perceive as normal and therefore, by implication, normative. The result is policies premised upon the weaknesses rather than the strengths of the communities that, we must believe, the policymakers sincerely want to serve.

Policy by pathology is the epidemic that afflicts the black underclass. Instead of taking their cue from blacks who have worked their way out of poverty, the policymakers concentrate on those who have not. Similarly with educational achievement and similarly with family stability. Vast amounts of money are spent on "the problem," which means they are spent on the putative problem-solvers. The sex clinic is but the latest episode. The program to expand schooling downward to ages four and three is another part of the syndrome. The implicit goal is to establish the government school as a "total institution" unchallengeably in charge of the socialization of the marginated young. There are numerous fiscal, political, and legal obstacles to the complete realization of that goal. But it has already been realized enough to severely cripple the crucial mediating structures—family, church, self-help organizations—of urban black America. There are no guarantees that the damage already done can be remedied.

WHAT REMEDY there might be begins with calling the pathological by its proper name. We must not resign ourselves to viewing the pathological as normal and, in the face of the grimmest evidence, must refuse to declare the statistically normal to be normative. Above all, government and other agencies must begin to accent not pathologies but potentialities. Desperately needed are programs that strengthen rather than displace the institutions—beginning with the family—that have the primary mandate and potential for socializing the young. That, it seems to this writer, is the main message in the thoroughly justified protest against high-school sex clinics. □

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A LIFE IN FOCUS

James Hitchcock

Confessions of a Parish Priest, by Andrew M. Greeley (Simon & Schuster, 438 pp., $18.95)

EVEN PARANOIDS have real enemies, we are reminded, and perhaps that is the main thing to bear in mind when reading Volume I of the memoirs of the priest-sociologist-novelist-journalist Andrew Greeley. (The story is here brought up all the way to the present, but we are promised further installments anyway.)

It is hard to imagine that even the most fanatical Greeley-lover could actually enjoy wading through the more than four hundred pages of this often vitriolic exercise in settling old scores, even if some of his enemies deserve the treatment. Although Father Greeley's claim is that he speaks for a Catholicism of love and hope, the world he inhabits has apparently been largely one of malice and treachery.

Indeed, he seems to have the misfortune of living in a world largely populated by people with a personal animus against him. Bishops know Greeley is right but are too cowardly to admit it, or else they are "lunatics." His fellow priests are envious and spiteful, not scrupling to strike at the author through his family. Erstwhile friends turn out to be betrayers. Subordinates are treacherous. The secular academic world is anti-Catholic, the Catholic intellectual world pretentious and shallow. Paranoia could scarcely be carried further.

In places, a reviewer faces the odd dilemma of whether charity requires that he refrain from quoting the author's own words, as when Greeley acknowledges "flaws" in his potboiler novels, which, as it turns out, mainly involve not sufficiently acknowledging his own virtues; or when he allows a friend to compare his sufferings to those of Christ. (Both were persecuted, you see, by ignorant and malevolent people.)

The memoirist describes the courage and love of a family with a severely retarded boy. But, when the boy dies, this "sensitive" pastor reports that "the family mourned him just as though he were another child in the family . . ." What does Father Greeley *think* the boy was? (The phrase goes a long way toward explaining the author's habitual insouciance about abortion and other of the "life issues.")

But a memoir does serve to bring a man's life into focus, and, despite his tireless self-promotion, Greeley's life has a significance that even he has not discerned.

As a sociologist he has mainly charted "liberated" Catholics of the post-Kennedy, post-Vatican II era. He finds people who have "made it" economically and socially, have penetrated the secular educational world, and in the process have jettisoned certain traditional Catholic beliefs, such as that concerning birth control. (Indeed, although Greeley does not note the point, the practice of birth control has historically been precisely a condition for people "making it" in middle-class society.)

In many ways, these Catholics, if we can believe the priest-sociologist's own data, have ceased to believe most of the teachings of the Church and are scarcely distinguishable from, say, suburban Episcopalians (or even Unitarians, if the truth be told). Here is a melancholy story, one might think—a group of people who, without fully realizing it, have traded their religious heritage for worldly success. But, fortunately for them, Greeley is on the scene not only as their chronicler but as their celebrator. Besides charting their religious trajectory, he is its interpreter and justifier.

Greeley's "communal Catholic," it turns out, is nothing other than that familiar figure of the 1980s, the individual who "wants to have it all." Has worldly success compromised religious principle? Not at all, Greeley tells us. In the process of becoming rich and influential, Catholics have actually managed to deepen their faith, breaking through to a more authentic level of belief. Fortunately for them, it is a breakthrough that in no way requires orthodoxy, especially on anything having to do with sexual behavior. The upwardly mobile Catholic turns out to have an increasingly rich "religious imagination" and to understand Christianity in profound ways having little to do with the way it has been traditionally understood. (It is not clear that it even requires belief in God.)

James Hitchcock is a professor of history at St. Louis University. His most recent book is Years of Crisis, 1970-1983.

Henry Klingeman, a recent graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, is writing a book about collegiate journalism.

George McCartney is a professor of English at St. Vincent's College, St. John's University.

Jeffrey Meyers has written a life of Hemingway and edited The Craft of Literary Biography *and* The Biographer's Art *(forthcoming).*

David Rooney teaches at Hofstra University.

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Here as elsewhere, Greeley takes a valid point—that religion has to do with symbol and myth as well as with doctrine—and distorts it. The faith of his "subjects," many of whom he tells us are also his friends, is simply an ink blot on which anyone is free to impose any kind of "significance" he might want. All this is no doubt extremely flattering to people who might at least occasionally wonder if they have been unfaithful.

The interpreter offers himself as the prime example of the phenomenon he interprets—an Irish Catholic now more at home in secular academia, a priest who "longs" simply to work in a parish but somehow ends up living in a luxury apartment, a probable millionaire one of whose chief problems is where to donate his money, a celibate who writes novels with large doses of puerile sex but also demands to be taken seriously as an "artist."

Greeley's sociology is a systematic venture in self-flattery, assuring himself and his subjects that they have "risen above their immigrant backgrounds" and are now truly enlightened and free. It is fitting that his career has culminated in novels which the author insists attain the level of "mythology." He is now busy trying to turn his suburban-Chicago Catholics themselves into gods, to replace whatever divinities they have lost along the way. □

GOING TO EXTREMES

Henry Klingeman

Hard Right: The Rise of Jesse Helms, by Ernest B. Furgurson (Norton, 302 pp., $18.95)

ERNEST B. FURGURSON introduces Jesse Helms as a man whose "greatest impact is yet to be felt." Furgurson, the *Baltimore Sun*'s Washington bureau chief, says Helms should be taken seriously. That's why he wrote this book. Of course, Helms is *already* taken seriously by conservatives and North Carolina voters. The only people who don't take Helms seriously are members of the liberal press. Therein lies the difficulty with this biography.

Furgurson says that Helms is probably the second most powerful conservative in the country right now; however, he attributes Helms's power not to his ideology but to a cluster of nonpolitical characteristics. He is meaner; he is cleverer about exploiting his constituents' paranoia; and he is more willing to skirt laws, written and unwritten, regarding campaign operations and political conduct. What makes him "hard right" is not only his political extremism, but his willingness to go to extremes.

Helms baffles the liberals much as Ronald Reagan has done. Liberals gleefully approached the prospect of facing Reagan in the elections of 1976 and 1980. Now they can't wait for him to take a last motorcade down Pennsylvania Avenue. His success—well, that's because he's good on TV . . . Conservatives like Reagan and Helms are, in the liberal view, successful in spite of their politics, not because of them.

The difference between Reagan and Helms is their good-cop, bad-cop roles. Reagan is a natural optimist, buoying the spirits of a nation that knows it had been giving way, through its own political and social passivity, to a leftish ethos during the Sixties and Seventies. Helms is all doom and gloom: He serves as the permanent pressure point, never allowing the political establishment to forget about crucial issues such as Communism and abortion.

Furgurson is contemptuous of the very thing he struggles to regard seriously. He disdains conservatives, conservative ideas, and conservative voters. He calls Phyllis Schlafly "the anti-women's-rights entrepreneur" and refers to the "Reagan 'Star Wars' strategic-defense scheme." Furgurson says the conservative coalition includes "born-again Christians fuming at sex on TV and in movies, diehard segregationists and parents against 'forced busing,' anti-abortion crusaders, paranoid anti-Communists, and flag-wavers suspicious of the patriotism of anyone to their left."

If Furgurson's rhetoric is sometimes overheated, his political analysis is pedestrian. His only compelling chapter concerns Helms's alleged racism, and here the interest is owing not to Furgurson's unremarkable insights, but rather to the fact that Helms himself has elected to make race so important in his career. This chapter is called "Jesse and 'Fred,' " because "Fred" is what—according to a former aide—Helms calls blacks in the safe confines of his inner office.

Is this true? Maybe. The most unattractive thing about Jesse Helms is his unwillingness to get the race monkey off his back. While other successful Southern politicians, like Strom Thurmond, have long abandoned the exploitation of racial tension, Helms has consistently raised the issue in every election he has taken part in since 1950. In 1984 he managed to mention Jesse Jackson's name 24 times in a single fund-raising letter. Stuff like that is fairly mild, but Helms's pattern of emphasis is apparent. In his victory speech on election night 1984, he promised to mend fences with blacks in North Carolina, a promise that he has yet to keep.

Then again, some of what he has said on the various racially charged issues he has concerned himself with is true, but he is never given credit for this. Furgurson loses his investigative zeal in cases where some digging might yield corroboration of a Helms allegation. For instance, when he is writing about Helms's insistence that Communists were involved in the civil-rights movement, Furgurson refuses to admit that Jack O'Dell, an advisor eventually fired by Martin Luther King, is a real, live Communist.

Whatever may be said about Jesse Helms's racial attitudes, the story that throws the most light on his character concerns his adopted son, Charles. The tale is faithfully recorded by Furgurson. Reading the newspaper at Christmas-time in the mid 1960s, Helms and his wife saw an item about a nine-year-old orphan with cerebral palsy who told the reporter all he wanted from Santa Claus was a set of parents. Today, Charles Helms works for a tobacco company in Winston-Salem.

Some conservatives find that Jesse Helms says things that make even them shiver. There's no need to apologize for him, though. His vigilant, vigilante-style monitoring of dubious State Department appointments, for example, is a matter of principle, not grandstanding. Being the "obstinate, obdurate" night watchman doesn't fit into Furgurson's theory that Helms takes positions

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simply to raise money and perpetuate his Senate career. Stopping bad foreign-service nominees is important, but it's not something voters notice.

Political biographies relate the facts of their subjects' lives as a matter of course. What sets the good ones apart from the bad is that they give some explanation of how their subject has merited public attention. In Helms's case, if you think the reason might just be Helms's two-fisted conservatism, you won't find the evidence here. All Furgurson has done is expand the myopic, condescending liberal consensus to three hundred pages. □

SOCIALISM AS FARCE

Joseph Sobran

Socialism: The Grand Delusion, by Brian Crozier and Arthur Seldon (Universe, 208 pp., $8.95)

MICHAEL FOOT, the former leader of Britain's Labour Party, was once asked to name the nearest earthly approximation of the socialist dream. Foot replied, "Wartime Britain."

Foot was probably thinking less of the rationing, shortages, queues, and curtailed liberties of the war than of the *esprit de corps* that made the English put up with such constraints. But his answer pointed to an essential feature of socialism: its militarization of economic life.

Brian Crozier and Arthur Seldon, who divide the sections of *Socialism: The Grand Delusion* between them, focus attention on socialism as an economic principle. They spend little time on the atrocities of Communist regimes, since they are interested here in describing the normal functioning of socialism rather than in totting up what the Left would call the "excesses" of socialism. The normal performance, after all, is bad enough.

Socialism has failed everywhere, and the Crozier-Seldon thesis is that it's time to stop judging it by its dreams and start judging it by its fruits. Seldon wrote the first third of the book; Crozier the rest. The whole book is a brief overview, not a thorough study. Seldon writes as an economist, whereas Crozier provides a sort of pocket history of socialist regimes.

"The ineradicable flaw of socialism," Seldon writes, "as long as it remains real, orthodox, centralized socialism, is that it has no mechanism for measuring *satisfaction*. It normally measures the performance of its so-called five-year plans by *quantities*: numbers of shoes, boxes of oranges, dozens of shirts, tons of coal, miles of passenger journeys—all of which may tell us very little or nothing unless we also know they are *what the people want* and are prepared to pay for in preference to other products."

Moreover, Seldon doesn't buy the argument that only a socialist regime can eliminate the third-party effects (economists call them "externalities") of capitalist transactions. Socialism, he argues, produces its own externalities —high taxes, surpluses, shortages, wasted time, disincentives, bureaucracy, and dozens more, nearly all of them baneful. And he's not even counting mass murder.

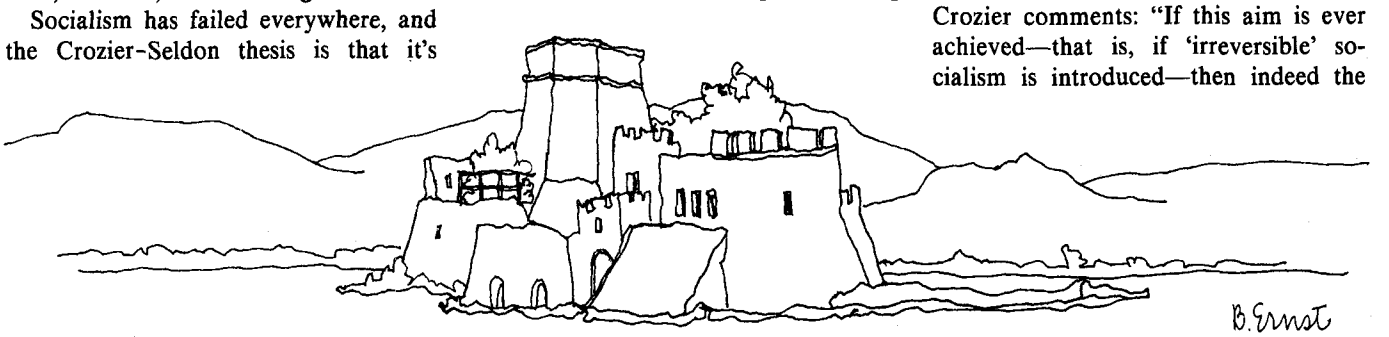
Of course, socialism that fails is never "true" socialism—the mirage that keeps hope alive in the bosoms of capitalism's malcontented children. It's obviously no use arguing at this point that socialism has "failed," since everyone who's interested in the facts knows it. Socialism has been a roaring success as a vehicle for other sorts of interests.

Most people who still lean to socialism are well aware that free economies outperform socialism by nearly every quantitative measurement. Capitalism should be defended more often in terms of its capacity for providing more nuanced satisfactions than the GNP can intimate. A new edition of Tolstoi in Moscow brings out long lines until the mass-produced supply is exhausted. But in New York the diligent bookhunter can find nearly any book imaginable. Capitalism shouldn't just mean limousines, mansions, and other things intellectuals despise. It caters to finer tastes than any commissar can be bothered with. Why should the central planner care if some highbrow wants an old copy of James Gould Cozzens? The market cares, though.

Crozier, as usual, writes incisively. He begins with Robert Owen and brings the story right up to Deng Xiaoping—quite a span. It's good to de-emphasize the horrors of socialism, and to show that it would be a disgrace even if it had never killed an innocent soul. If you take the tragedy out of socialism, what remains is farce: the scientific pretensions coupled with the absurd deifications of "leaders," the excuses and buck-passing for the recent past followed by boasts about the imminent future, the hair-splitting distinctions over doctrine combined with insane blindness about the facts of life.

There's a nostalgic pleasure in seeing all the old names again: Saint-Simon, Fourier, Proudhon, Blanqui, Bakunin, Lassalle, Kautsky, Zinoviev, the Webbs, MacDonald, Blum, Attlee, Bevan, Crosland, and, lest we forget, Chernenko. What a legacy! Criminals, dupes, bunglers, demagogues, quacks, eccentrics, con men, sectarians, Machiavels, and earnest fools, not one of whom has a serious claim to be regarded as a benefactor of mankind to rank with whoever invented the can opener, but all of whom were full of prescriptions for directing the progress of industrial society. Each in his own way was an avatar of the great secular superstition of modern times.

Now what? The only thing harder than building socialism is dismantling it. The Labour Party demands "a fundamental and irreversible shift in the balance of power and wealth in favor of working people and their families." Crozier comments: "If this aim is ever achieved—that is, if 'irreversible' socialism is introduced—then indeed the



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liberties of the British people will have been extinguished." Even in our own bastion of capitalism, repealing social programs is a job for a political Hercules. You can't turn back the clock, you know—or, as Leonid Brezhnev put it, "What we have, we keep." That's about the only plausible claim of socialists everywhere. □

THE UNTOLD STORY

David Rooney

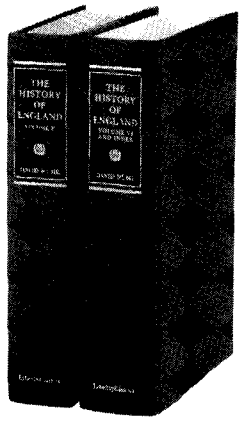
The Forgotten Holocaust: The Poles under German Occupation, 1939-1944, by Richard C. Lukas (Kentucky, 300 pp., $24)

ADOLF HITLER'S demonic hatred of Jews, and his Final Solution intended to expunge them from the face of his future Aryanized Europe, have been well documented in numerous scholarly and popular histories. But, unfortunately, horrified fascination with that overriding holocaust has tended to cloud subsequent historiography of the Nazi era to the point where Hitler's equally obsessive hatred of all Eastern European peoples has been nearly forgotten.

The Nazis' first major military conquest was the Polish Republic, which fell to them after fearsome bombardment in September 1939, and then was cut in two by the Molotov-Ribbentrop Line after the invasion of eastern Poland by Soviet Russia. Immediately, some 22 million Poles came under Nazi rule.

The historian Richard Lukas has written an absorbing, meticulously documented study of how the Polish people fought, suffered, and died during the next five years, culminating in the tragic Warsaw uprising of August 1944. The portrait he paints of their resistance to the occupiers of their land, their concern for the plight of the three and a half million Polish Jews, and their doomed attempts to ensure the birth of a democratic postwar Poland ought finally to dispel among historians the often maliciously contrived impression of the wartime Poles as collaborators who were insensitive to the Jewish holocaust, and who were snatched from Nazi tyranny entirely through the efforts of Soviet liberators.

Lukas notes that from 1939 to 1941



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This new edition, with modernized typography, is based on the posthumous edition of 1778, the last to contain corrections by Hume. William B. Todd, Kerr Centennial Professor in English History and Culture at the University of Texas at Austin, has provided a new Foreword in Volume I. Hume's own cumulative index may be found at the conclusion of Volume VI.
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RANDOM NOTES

☐ LEFT OVER FROM OCTOBER: Wolfgang Leonhard, author of *The Kremlin and the West: A Realistic Approach* (Norton, $17.95) and a founder and participant in the government of East Germany, has been teaching at Yale University since his defection to the West. According to Leonhard, Marxism-Leninism in the Soviet Union has been largely replaced by nationalistic fervency, and the ruling class is the central obstacle to economic and technological growth, the absence of which is increasingly resented by the Russian people, who can be expected to press successfully for "reform" in the near future.

☐ MORE NOVEMBER TITLES: In *Of Prisons and Ideas* (Harcourt Brace, $17.95), Milovan Djilas, describing his torture and imprisonment in solitary confinement by Tito, writes: "A prison is a house of God . . ." (English translation by Michael Boro Petrovich.)

Winston S. Churchill, Volume VII: Road to Victory, 1941-1945 (Houghton Mifflin, $40), by Martin Gilbert, is the superb penultimate volume of a magisterial work, lifting the voluminous corpus of Churchill scholarship to still greater heights.

In *Mission to Civilize: The French Way* (Harcourt Brace, $19.95), Mort Rosenblum argues that "France did not colonize, it civilized," and goes on to examine the influence that country continues to exercise, not just on its former colonies, but everywhere in the world. The author, an AP correspondent based in Paris, believes that the Reagan Administration has underestimated the power wielded by the French in world affairs.

The Deal of the Century: The Breakup of AT&T (Atheneum, $18.95), by Steve Coll, investigates the bureaucratic and legalistic messes of the 1970s and early '80s that ended up providing Washington with an outrageous example of "how *not* to make public policy."

☐ COMING IN JANUARY: In *Between Covers: The Rise and Transformation of Book Publishing in America* (Oxford, $24.95), John A. Tebbel provides an entertaining redaction of his four-volume *History of Book Publishing in the United States*. Tebbel's emphasis is on the trends and changes in trade publishing since the mid nineteenth century; he concludes that today's sales-conscious corporate publisher bears little resemblance to the stubborn, idiosyncratic publishers of the past, who published fine books because they loved and appreciated them. —CW

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ethnic Poles suffered far more grievously than did Polish Jews. The Jews, who were largely unassimilated into Polish culture (few of them even spoke Polish), had been herded into ghettos, but the Final Solution did not begin until 1942, by which time hundreds of thousands of Poles had already died in the invasion, hundreds of thousands more had been forcibly transported to Germany as slave labor, and thousands were being executed all across the country in reprisal for insurgent attacks on German soldiers and settlers.

The Nazi policy toward the Poles can be clarified with a few illustrative quotes. In Heinrich Himmler's view, "The great German people should consider it as its major task to destroy all Poles." Any Pole with a high-school education was a likely candidate for public execution or sentencing to a death camp, because the educated would be able to keep alive a sense of Polish nationhood. Consequently, the viceroy of the General Government of Occupied Poland, Hans Frank, transmitted his Führer's message: What we have now recognized in Poland to be the elite must be liquidated; we must watch out for the seeds that begin to sprout again, so as to stamp them out again in good time."

The Polish resistance was directed from England by the government-in-exile, initially headed by General Wladyslaw Sikorski; the armed resistance on Polish soil, the Polish Home Army (AK), was led by General Stefan Grot-Rowecki. The grand strategy they conceived after the invasion of Russia in June 1941 was to build up the AK so that it could successfully attack just when the German army was ready to collapse. Sikorski believed that a strategic alliance could be made with Stalin (provided the U.S. and England held him to it) to secure Poland's independence, Grot-Rowecki thought the Poles, once the Germans were defeated, might have to fight the Soviets, but he too held to the illusion that the Western powers would aid them. But the final fate of the Polish nation was presaged in 1943 by the discovery of the Katyn Forest mass grave of thousands of Polish officers massacred by the Russians. After that revelation, the underground leaders needed little convincing to spur efforts to liberate their country before the Russians arrived.

Although weakened by their own piecemeal liquidation, the Poles, beginning in 1942, provided assistance to the Jews that assumed truly heroic proportions. Estimates of the number of Poles involved in hiding Polish Jews (whose distinctively Semitic features made them much more vulnerable than their Western European co-religionists) run from one million upward, despite the certainty of death if they were caught. Somewhere around 100,000 Jews were ultimately saved by these efforts. Although some Poles were anti-Semites, and some were collaborators, the number of these was relatively small. Indeed, amidst the welter of Eastern European antagonisms, in which Germans, Poles, Lithuanians, Jews, Ukrainians, and Byelorussians fought one another with great ferocity, it is all the more remarkable that these Poles extended a humanitarian hand toward a people many of them felt had betrayed them by welcoming the Soviets in eastern Poland.

Lukas brings to light many hitherto uncited cases of that heroism, as well as highlighting the assistance the AK (which itself included a number of Jewish soldiers) provided the Jews of the Warsaw Ghetto during their heroic but suicidal uprising in April 1943. The AK and the government-in-exile also alerted the Allies to the horrors of the concentration camps, and made repeated, futile attempts to convince them to destroy the railway lines leading to Auschwitz.

Unfortunately for the Polish cause, critics in England and America, citing the (relatively mild) anti-Semitism of the pre-war Pilsudski era, harped on its alleged presence in the beleaguered resistance, although the charge was utterly untrue, particularly of Sikorski. Simultaneously, the Soviet regime was being presented as the natural ally of the Western powers, who were convinced that Poland belonged in Stalin's sphere of influence.

By June 1944, Soviet radio broadcasts were calling for an uprising in Poland, now that the Red Army was near Warsaw. The AK leaders set August 1 for their revolt so that they might meet the Red Army with a *fait accompli*. An inadequately armed force of 25,000 prepared to assault a heavily fortified German garrison. Initially the Poles took the advantage, but two SS brigades, one headed by a Russian opportunist and the other by a former

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child molester, went on a rampage that appalled even the regular German army. Tens of thousands of civilians were mowed down indiscriminately before a seasoned German general took over military operations. The Poles called London for air support, but the Allies could not help them because Stalin refused to let them use air bases in Russian-occupied territory until it was too late. Polish units outside Warsaw that attempted to relieve the besieged units in the city were intercepted by the Soviets. The Red Army busied itself attacking a German-held suburb of Warsaw, but did virtually nothing to aid the Poles in their desperate defense. Consequently, the AK surrendered to the Germans on September 29, 1944. Warsaw counted 200,000 dead during the uprising.

At war's end, Poland had lost six million people, more than 20 per cent of its population. Half of them were Jews, half of them Christians. And the country's future, which it had naïvely thought the Western powers would guarantee, was as bleak as ever. One alien occupier had been exchanged for another, and the Soviets were to prove much more resistant to expulsion than the Nazis. □

RENDEZVOUS ON IE-JIMA

Jeffrey Hart

Ernie's War: The Best of Ernie Pyle's World War II Dispatches, edited by David Nichols, with a foreword by Studs Terkel (Random House, 448 pp., $19.95)

AFTER HE was killed by a Japanese sniper on the obscure island of Ie-Jima in April of 1945, Ernie Pyle somehow evaporated from the national consciousness. There was widespread mourning at the time, including presidential condolences, for Pyle had become a national hero. But then, like the war, he was gone.

David Nichols has had the good idea of pulling together Pyle's best wartime writing and adding biographical data. Pyle joins the war during the Battle of Britain, accompanies the Allied invasion of North Africa, moves on to Sicily and up the Italian boot, lands in Normandy and joins the famous hedgerow fighting in northern France, enters Paris in the first waves, temporarily collapses physically and emotionally, and goes to the Pacific and dies.

The first thing to say is that Pyle was a tremendous writer, his specificity reminding one of Stephen Crane and Hemingway. After the troops went ashore in Normandy, Pyle described a "human litter. It extends in a thin little line, just like a high-water mark, for miles along the beach. This is the strewn personal gear, gear that will never be needed again . . . Here in a jumbled row for mile on mile are

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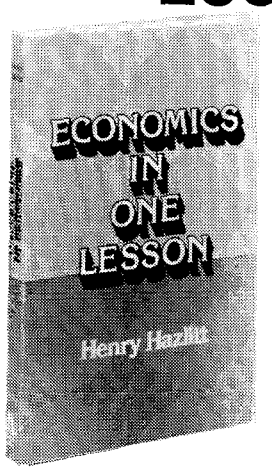
ECONOMICS IN ONE LESSON



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soldiers' packs. Here are socks and shoe polish, sewing kits, diaries, Bibles and hand grenades . . . Here are toothbrushes and razors, and snapshots of families back home staring up at you from the sand . . . Soldiers carry strange things ashore with them. In every invasion you'll find at least one soldier hitting the beach at H-Hour with a banjo slung over his shoulder. The most ironic piece of equipment marking our beach—this beach of first despair, then of victory—is a tennis racket that some soldier had brought along. It lies lonesomely on the sand, clamped in its rack, not a string broken."

The underlying theme of Pyle's narrative is his love for the infantry. He admires the pilots—who sleep in their own beds, if they return at all—and he admires the precision of the Navy, but he loves the grunts, Bill Mauldin's Willie and Joe, the men on the cutting edge, who get the job done yard by yard, who fight all night and sleep in the mud, and hope to survive but really don't expect to. "I helped carry one corpse across a couple of fields . . . This German was just a kid, surely not over 15. His face had already turned black, but you could sense his youth through the death-distorted features. The boys spread a blanket on the ground beside him. Then we lifted him over onto it. One soldier and I each took hold of a foot and two others took his arms." A soldier says, "Hell, you may even be carrying me one of these days."

My own impression is that Pyle's sensibility is exactly representative of his time and place. He is an American Westerner, and viscerally egalitarian. Like the soldiers at his side, he instinctively likes the German fighting men but hates the convinced Nazis. He and the American soldiers joke and exchange souvenirs with German prisoners. In the last months of the European war, when the Germans keep holding out and killing unreasonably, the American soldiers get sore, and so does Pyle. The universal feeling is that the Germans have lost, and know it, so why don't they go home?

The Pacific is very different: Pyle experiences there a sort of decompression. The enemy troops are not five miles away, but a thousand. It takes a month for the task force to get to their beach. Life in the islands is pleasant but insanity-inducing, "pineapple madness" as it is called. The U.S. Government pours in hundreds of movies to keep the men from going crazy. A sense of isolation and homesickness is virtually universal.

To bomb Japan, a plane has to stay thirty hours in the air. If the plane is hit or something goes wrong, the pilot has to ditch somewhere in the vast Pacific void. Most crews are never heard of again. "And another adjustment I'll have to make is the attitude toward the enemy. In Europe we felt our enemies, horrible and deadly as they were, were still people. But out here I've already gathered the feeling that the Japanese are looked upon as something inhuman and squirmy—like some people feel about cockroaches or mice. I've seen one group of Japanese prisoners in a wire-fenced courtyard, and they were wrestling and laughing and talking just as humanly as anybody. And yet they gave me a creepy feeling, and I felt in need of a mental bath after looking at them." That is the sensibility of 1945, when the Marines were collecting Japanese ears and gold teeth and flushing out the caves on Okinawa with flame-throwers.

It does not come as a surprise when Pyle gets killed. He has been shot at and bombed in London, North Africa, Sicily, Anzio, Normandy. During a big tank attack against Rommel in North Africa, he gets in a Jeep to go out and see the start of the action, and is almost swept up when Rommel wins. His emotion toward the front-line fighters is a kind of communion. "A narrow path comes like a ribbon over a hill miles away, down a long slope, across a creek, up a slope and over another hill. All along the length of this ribbon there is now a thin line of men. For four days and nights they have fought hard, eaten little, washed none, and slept hardly at all. Their nights have been violent with attack, fright, butchery, and their days sleepless and miserable with the crash of artillery . . . They don't slouch. It is the terrible deliberation of each step that spells out their appalling tiredness. Their faces are black and unshaven. They are young men, but the grime and whiskers and exhaustion make them look middle-aged."

But there can be an ecstasy in infantry perfection that approaches the erotic. The British "8th Army is a magnificent organization . . . Since Montgomery has chased Rommel all the way from Egypt in one of the great military achievements of history, it is only right that the British should have the kill . . . The men of the 8th are brown-skinned and white-eyebrowed from the desert sun. Most of them are in shorts, and they are a healthy-looking lot. Their spirit is like a tonic. The spirit of our own troops is good, but these boys from the burning sands are throbbing with the vitality of conquerors."

Pyle's sense of communion with his beloved front-line infantry fighters was so great that one senses that he had to join them in death, the Japanese sniper on Ie-Jima being a kind of poetic instrument. By collecting Pyle's dispatches and printing them here, editor David Nichols has done a service to American literature; but we certain-

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ly didn't need the perfunctory foreword by Studs Terkel. □

WRITING THE GOOD LIFE

Jeffrey Meyers

Extraordinary Lives: The Art and Craft of American Biography, edited by William Zinsser (American Heritage, 252 pp., $16.95)

THE BIOGRAPHER is an investigative reporter of the spirit. He must utilize original research that casts new light on the subject, have a thorough mastery of the material, experience the locales, portray the social and political background, synthesize the facts about the private and the public life, form a sympathetic identification with the subject, present a perceptive interpretation of character and motives, reveal a meaningful pattern, provide an evaluation of the achievement, and do justice to the end and extinction of life.

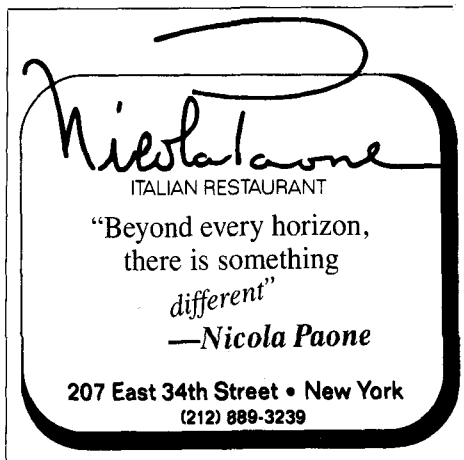
Extraordinary Lives originated as a series of six lectures—three on nineteenth-century women, two on recent Presidents, and one on a distinguished journalist—sponsored by the middlebrow Book-of-the-Month Club and by the New York Public Library. It touches on how the biographer chooses (or is chosen for) his subject, uses biographical models, does archival research, conducts interviews, interprets evidence, establishes chronology, organizes material, and illuminates the significance of the subject's work. But the approach is anecdotal, the substance superficial, and the content too often banal. The book does not provide a serious response to these issues. The editor's introduction is superfluous, there is no logical order to the chapters (except that the weakest come first), and the book is padded out with answers to questions from the audience.

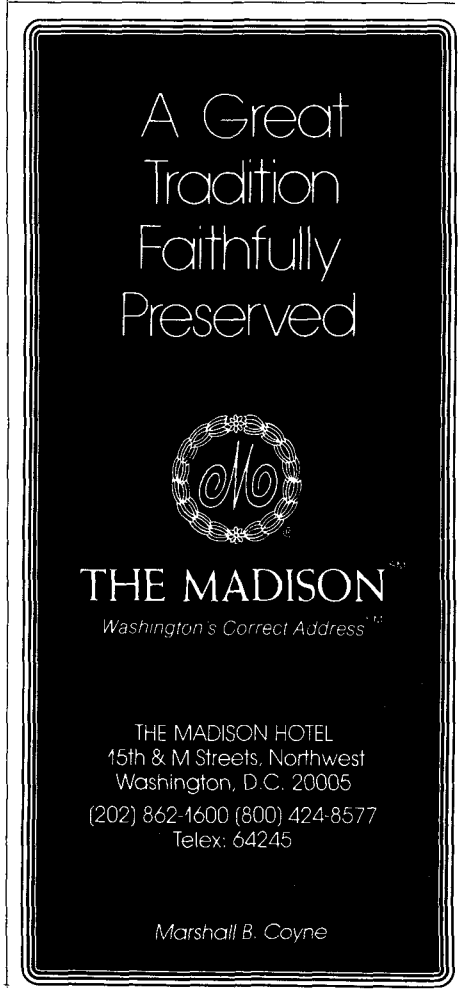
The editor, who published a book *On Writing Well*, has allowed his contributors to indulge in shoddy style. David McCullough suggests the level of his discourse by announcing: "And of course Kansas City is really something," and, "I'm having a wonderful time getting to know Harry Truman." (He adds, ignoring figures like Hitler and Stalin, that "a biographer must genuinely care about his subject. . . . It's as if you were choosing a spouse or a roommate.") Robert Caro, discussing Lyndon Johnson, packs several clichés into one clause: "The whole, great surging and heaving panorama of the turbulent Sixties." And Ronald Steel writes clumsily of Walter Lippmann: "Also, the atmosphere in Washington was unpleasant between him and Lyndon Johnson."

Jean Strouse and Richard Sewall, considering Alice James (sister of Henry and William) and Emily Dickinson, edge around the question of how to describe an obscure neurasthenic or a life that has no story. Sewall concludes with a fatuous remark: "Nobody owns Emily Dickinson or ever will own her." Miss Strouse, in a more interesting chapter, admits she likes telling but not inventing stories. Following Leon Edel, she argues that biographers combine the talents of the novelist, historian, and psychologist, emphasizing the need to discover the revelations beneath the concealments, to find the real beneath the apparent reasons. Robert Caro argues that Lyndon Johnson obliterated his past and created his own legend. But he does not discuss the conflict between the legend and Johnson's ruthless betrayal of his early mentors, Franklin Roosevelt and Sam Rayburn.

Paul Nagel, writing about the Adams women, states the obvious: "Biography . . . has never ignored the mind and motive of the subject." Ignoring the three brilliant Brontë sisters (exact contemporaries of his subjects) he dubiously claims: "I doubt that in England or America three such amazing sisters grew up together, particularly in a rural parsonage." Contemporary readers expect to learn the whole truth about the psychological, sexual, and medical aspects of the subject. Nagel barely mentions the biographer's conflict between disclosure and reticence (the latter prompted by morality, legality, or loyalty) and claims the complete story "should be told with affection [I would say, "with sympathetic understanding"] rather than with ruthlessness."

Ronald Steel, in a potentially valuable essay, quotes the epigram of Sir Charles Wetherell (which he wrongly attributes to Oscar Wilde): "My noble and biographical friend [Lord Campbell] has added a new terror to death." For Steel, who had in Lippmann the only living subject considered in this book, found himself both partner and antagonist. He passed judgment on Lippmann's private papers and held Lippmann's life in his hands (the evaluation of a persuasive biographer often counts more than a subject's achievement). But he also feared, during the long years of working on the book, that Lippmann would insidiously take over his life and provoke unconscious resentment. Just as Lippmann's second wife was about to give his love letters to Steel, she suddenly died. Steel be-





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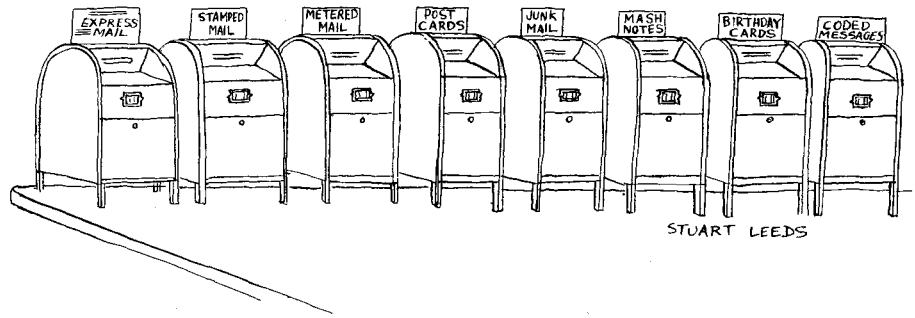
trays his limited knowledge of medical reality by explaining: "She was consumed by anxiety and guilt [about her earlier adultery with Lippmann] and the combination was more than she could deal with." This disappointing book substantiates Lytton Strachey's observation: "It is perhaps as difficult to write a good life as to live one." □



FICTION

SENTENCED TO SLEEP

George McCartney

Off for the Sweet Hereafter, by T. R. Pearson (Linden Press/Simon & Schuster, 283 pp., $17.95)

"HE'S GOT a good ear": Few accolades are more likely to turn a writer's head. But what if the ear on that head has been used to record an interminably garrulous story-teller of gargantuan cuteness?

This seems to be what T. R. Pearson has done in his second novel, *Off for the Sweet Hereafter*. Like his first, *A Short History of a Small Place*, it is set in his home state, North Carolina, and populated by some not-so-lovable eccentrics. He has set out with his extraordinary ear to mike the voice of the South; instead, he has taped the stylized drivel of a poisonously prolix narrator. (I'm assuming Pearson is acting the parodic ventriloquist here. If he were writing in his own voice, I'd have reason to be kinder in what follows: It's unseemly to criticize the afflicted.) The voice telling this down-home tale of mischief and mayhem belongs to the man you pray never to share a plane or train ride with and, oh-God-please, never ever a drink or dinner. It's the voice of the Southern bore trumpeting his conspiratorial knowingness through endlessly serpentine sentences. But why take my word for it? Here's a sampling:

> The middle block and mortar McKinney said the footings and foundations of Mr. Buffaloe's existence had given way beneath him which was just the sort of comment the middle block and mortar McKinney made about most every affair and happenstance there was to make a comment about but which he was direct on target with this time on account of how the footings and foundations of Mr. Buffaloe's existence had given way beneath him or anyway had sunk and settled appreciably. . . . [Mr. Buffaloe] had figured his momma could not make him feel lowly and disappointing once she was dead, which she could, and he had figured American democracy would handily persuade and overcome a negligible assortment of misguided savage Orientals, which it wasn't able to, and he had figured the honorable Governor George Corley Wallace for the 38th President of these United States, which he never was, . . . and he had figured Elizabeth Taylor would somehow avoid getting plump and girthsome, which she eventually got, . . . and he had figured the Baptist church and its clergy and laymen and the most of its regular associates and attachments to be at least near about as stiffly and earnestly forthright and upstanding as they claimed to be, which they weren't not locally anyway any longer.

Can't you just see the winks and feel the nudges with which the narrator drives home his drollery? Want to hear more? You can. There's lots, lots more. Except for a few brief intervals of dialogue, Pearson's grandiloquence rolls on nonstop for 283 pages. Whenever one verb will do, he's sure to serve up two or three for our amusement. So we hear of a struggle that got Mr. Vernon Littlejohn "shot and murdered and killed like he did get shot and murdered and killed." Pearson's favorite word is "roundabout." He uses it every few pages. Characters are forever wandering roundabout, whether in a swamp or in a living room. One can see why. It's a case of content following form. Their roundabout ways naturally fit into Pearson's convoluted sentences. His style is an accomplishment of sorts, no doubt. Not everyone has the stomach to keep this up book-length.

Henry James once had the cheek to pay his fellow prose contortionist, Joseph Conrad, a backhanded compliment, describing him as the votary of doing things in the way that took the most doing. This is a judgment that applies more fittingly to Pearson, whose novel is so done, it threatens to asphyxiate its reader. Should you venture into this verbal swamp, you'll find little more than a gaseous parody of the Bonnie-and-Clyde story entangled in a marsh of good-ole-boy digressions about local grotesques. Benton Lynch is Pearson's cretinous Clyde, a stick-up artist given to threatening his victims with shooting their testicles to the next county. The wittily named Jane Elizabeth Firesheets is his sluttish Bonnie. This utterly charmless couple seems to have confused sex with violence and vice versa: They go into rut at the sight of their bloody deeds headlined in the local press. Well, it's quite a laugh, I suppose, and certainly it comments on the state of our society and all that. But to say more about this novel's all-too-familiar preoccupations would be an unconscionable waste of your time.

Pearson has driven me to do something I thought I never would do: paste a creative writer. I can only say the obvious: The fellow's made a published nuisance of himself. Still, I'm reluctant to let it go at that. To be fair, Pearson does reveal some genuine verbal facility and he might even possess a fictive imagination. But he lacks control, and that's fatal. At a guess, I'd say that, like many another Southern writer, he's been done in by reading exorbitant doses of Faulkner, against which harmful addiction a law should be posted and otherwise duly promulgated by the editorial offices roundabout these United States, especially in its sunnier climes, where, what with all that fishing and sipping and lollygagging and general lazing about, folks are just naturally given to the sort of mulling and meandering that calls and even begs for some visioning and some revisioning, some curtailing and some restraining, so as

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folks, mulling and meandering roundabout, might give themselves now and then a laconic breather, which sort of laconic breather T. R. Pearson seems wholly and constitutionally incapable of, except for the studiously laconic breather of the signature of his name which he signs and probably even types without any of a first or even any of a middle name showing, excepting, of course, for that T and that R, both having been amputated and cleanly cut off from so much as a paltry vowel let alone another consonant, thus giving T. R. Pearson's signature and byline a most enigmatically contrastive and maybe even refreshing look when eyeballed up against the roundabout narrative he tells.

T. R. Pearson's editors might do everyone a favor next time and tell him to cut it out. □

THE GIMLET EYE

INDIAN WRESTLING

D. Keith Mano

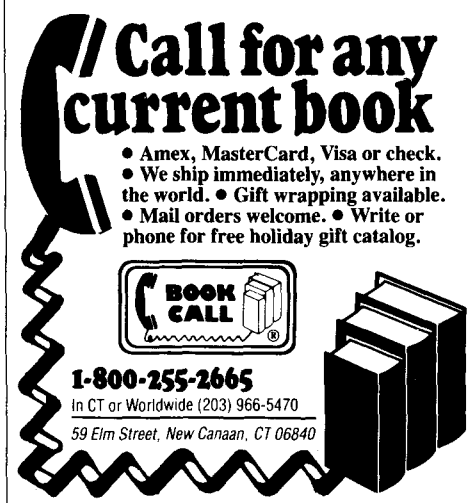
It's a rain-barrel coalition. And the longest acronym ever: PLOPRCARANCAIM. Palestine Liberation Organization and Puerto Rican Committee against Repression and African National Congress and American Indian Movement all together now on a 27-city tour. Consolidate your social debts: an operator is standing by. I detect the fine, furtive puppet-mastery of PAM (People's Antiwar Mobilization) in this. Last year (see "The Gimlet Eye," Feb. 28, 1986) PAM coopted the AIDS crisis. PAM's people would radicalize Lupus Awareness Week if they could. It is their strategy to form moral conglomerates wherever possible. They must have some kind of mergers and acquisitions department. Leftism has to economize in 1986: get as many groups as possible on one bulk-mail letterhead. Yet, despite this multinational corporation, all they can pull is a hundred or so to a dismal classroom at NYU.

Tonight each group will draw on the prestige and celebrity of Mr. Incarceration 1986, Nelson Mandela. The ANC is your parent corporation here: the others defer obsequiously to it. After all, at least one exquisite, mediagenic horror per week has come slithering out of South Africa. By contrast, the PLO and AIM and PRCAR can serve just reheated atrocities. Leonard Peltier of AIM was sent up in 1975 for killing two FBI men. Bury my brain at swollen nose if I can remember the relevant data there. PRCAR has 11 people in jail for sedition—not one of them charismatic. The PLO woman is rather desperate. She'd like to be accepted. Unfortunately, her clients are under persecution by a people with superior victim status. She is reduced to bathetic invective. "The Palestinian cultural costume has been worn by hostesses on El Al as Israeli national dress." Worse, the damn Zionist movement has stolen *falafel*. It's as if some Indian asked for a royalty on each moccasin sold by Shoetown.

We white folk, you understand, we're The Race That Came to Dinner—imperialist, colonialist, and, furthermore, just a bunch of vulgar settlers. The ANC delegate has given precious victim accreditation to AIM. "In fact, treatment accorded Native Americans and South African blacks is similar. Forced removal of the indigenous people from the land of their forefathers. Indian reservations have their counterpart in South Africa—Bantustans, homelands." Eagerly the PLO rep will insist on *her* little piece of South Africa: Palestinians, too, have been dispossessed, *falafel* and all, and each must carry a passbook—just like the South African black. But hold on: a Puerto Rican activist would like us to remember that his *landsmen* are being held without bail—and isn't that just how Botha would do it? They cherish the sad peculiarities of apartheid so much, you'd think it were the ideal political condition.

Now, I won't burn a votive candle for Leonard Peltier this evening. And I disdain any Native Anti-American that'd play squaw dog-style in service to PAM. But, without sentimentalizing the noble savage—who was at least as savage as he was noble—truth is we have treated Indians abominably. This can lead one to a miserable sort of reflection. What should my ancestor at Massachusetts Bay have done? Caught the next tide and gone back home because the Western Hemisphere was already taken? Should America have aborted itself in deference to a relative handful of natives? Hardly thinkable. Still, set beside each other, these two cultures—one from the past, one from the future—could never, even given a more humanitarian and peaceful attitude all around, have coexisted with obliging symmetry. They were in hopeless disequilibrium.

But what, anyhow, constitutes land tenure and just who is indigenous? The Indian never fancied himself a proprietor. Land was *there* and more than enough to go around. Unfortu-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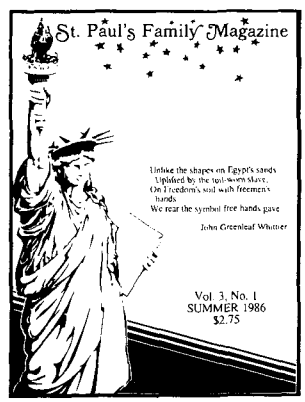

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nately, he got overrun by people from crowded Europe who had a powerful sense of real-estate law. But did the Indian replace some pre-Indian? Our PRCAR spokesman said that America was a crass intruder on his island. Yet Steve Robideau from AIM made it clear that the original Indian population of Puerto Rico had been exterminated long before. By that standard PRCAR should consider itself a settler movement. In any case, is mere presence, even through several generations, adequate to legitimize ownership? If so, then the geographical part of human development at least would have been frozen, by implication, with Cain and Abel. If not, what instrument, besides pure force, is there that could validate property? Putting it another way: how does American conduct toward the red man differ, say, from Soviet conduct toward Estonia? Were there not pre-Estonians? Can any tribe or nation stand a thorough title search?

Floyd Westerman, the Indian Pete Seeger, is throwing racist irony around. "We've always regarded Christian missionaries and anthropologists as your first FBI men." Indeed, condescension

THE RIGHT BOOKS / CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

As a remonstrance against the aggressive cant of Third World spokesmen seeking to assign the burden of their people's misery to prosperous Western countries, *Speaking to the Third World: Essays on Democracy and Development* (American Enterprise Institute, 1150 17th Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036; $3.95), by Peter L. Berger and Michael Novak, is successful enough; as a defense of "economic development"—which is to say, of the modern world—it is, for the most part, shallow in its facile optimism, amounting in places to smugness. Is it really true, as Michael Novak argues, that "the will of God . . . seems rather suddenly to call for development"? If so, are secularism, abortionism, *Playboy*ism, feminism, consumerism, and yuppieism also attributable to the will of God for the twentieth and twenty-first centuries?

Like many professional optimists calling to us from the soapboxes of neoconservatism, Novak believes that the worst manifestations of the modern temper can be surgically separated from the best ones: that what he calls "productive ethics," answering what he describes as the "moral *obligation*" of nations to develop, can be incorporated into the traditional ethical system that prevailed until, roughly speaking, the end of the eighteenth century. Perhaps there is no theoretical reason why such should not be the case, yet reality itself is discouraging.

According to Peter Berger, the United States—a country "brimming over with economic, social, and cultural vitality"—represents "the only revolution in the world today that can credibly promise economic development, political liberty, and respect for the dignity of human beings in their infinite variety." In reality, our economic "vitality" consists of a trillion-dollar deficit and a huge trade imbalance; our social "vitality" is provided by pushy feminists, and our cultural "vitality" by homosexual theater and *The New York Times Book Review*; while our "respect for the dignity of human beings in their infinite variety" has recently resulted in immigration "reform" the certain result of which will be, for starters, to swamp America with millions of the Mexican proletariat.

Yet, in another respect, Berger's point is well taken: The United States is the inspiration of the world, whether that world loves us or hates us. All too frequently, of course, it hates us, and for no better reason than that, where we have succeeded, it has failed. And yet there *is* a "productive ethic," and, rather than rant against the damage done in the past by colonialism and "exploitation," Berger advises the nations of the Third World to search within their wide variety of indigenous cultures for its germ, with the intention of cultivating it assiduously when found. In "Underdevelopment Revisited," Berger assesses revisions made in the prevailing view of the developing countries since the publication of his book *Pyramids of Sacrifice* in 1974 and concludes that, while capitalism has not proved a universal success, socialism has been entirely discredited. In "Speaking to the Third World," he urges a combination of culturally specific traditions with the universalist values of democratic capitalism as a realistic formula for satisfactory development.

As for Michael Novak's contributions, "Democracy and Human Rights" and "Democracy and Development," their argument boils down to the proposition that the Catholic ethic isn't Protestant enough. What Novak appears to be groping toward is a neoconservative answer to the liberation theology of the Left, which may indeed be an answer but is scarcely an improvement: "From my point of view, the traditional Catholic teaching was adapted to the Ancien Régime. That regime was led, both in Europe and in Latin America, by three social classes chiefly: the landed aristocracy, the generals, and the clergy. Under that regime, it was imagined that the wealth of the world was finite; there was no question of development and, clearly, the social order was not democratic. . . . The social teaching of the Catholic Church must, in any case, teach the virtues and help create the *institutions* of democracy and economic dynamism. These are new but vitally important tasks" ("Democracy and Human Rights").

The obvious facts that the Catholic Church is not itself a democratic institution and that spiritual, rather than economic, dynamism is its appointed and self-acknowledged end ought to preclude such facile conclusions. Whatever the peripheral effects of its teachings, did the Church *really* seek to inculcate the "institutions of feudalism" in the Middle Ages, or "mercantilist dynamism" in the eighteenth century? Novak is quick to praise what he calls " 'the pluralistic personality' " as "a distinctive modern type." But surely a wonder of the present-day Church is that it embraces people a great number of whom are unified solely by their adherence to Rome, remaining, in their customs, dress, and habits—including their economic habits—nearly infinitely diverse. There are matters about which neither church nor state has anything to teach the other; and when, as has occasionally happened, the jurisdictions of the two have been confused, it has usually been the Church that has had the most to lose. □

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and elitism (not to mention violence and disgust) have marked the white encounter with Indian civilization. I wouldn't want anyone digging up my father's burial mound for his or her doctoral thesis. Maybe we should have transacted business with the Indian individual to nation, not nation to nation, as in fact we dealt with black emancipation. There wouldn't now be 371 broken treaties and that exasperating problem of reservation land use. Then again, the Indian would probably be extinct by this time but for his fictional statehood.

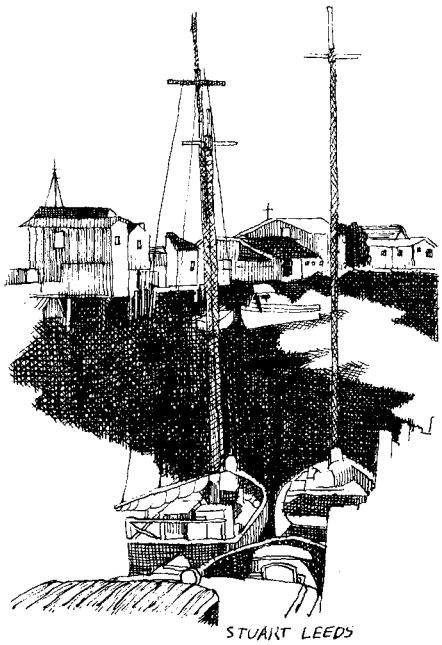
Leonard Peltier, quoted in *Workers World*, has spoken about an "annihilation of Indian people through assimilation." That won't parse. Assimilation is an act of will: one that cultures throughout history have exerted on each other. It is seldom unilateral. The hybrid after-product can often enrich our social gene pool. Assimilation, moreover, is a matter of free-market choice. Peltier's people may indeed have fallen for it. Yet, no matter how sexy the marketing of American culture was, this particular virgin could still have resisted. Amish and Hassidim, for instance, avoid assimilation. Indians don't. Which is a comment on the strength and appropriateness of their civilization in this time.

True enough, I think. But that doesn't resolve the question entirely, does it? □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

An Excellent Mystery: The Eleventh Chronicle of Brother Cadfael, by Ellis Peters (Morrow, 190 pp., $15.95)

THE FIRST STEP in writing a successful mystery series is to create a detective whose company the reader will want more of. Ellis Peters broke an almost ironclad rule—that mysteries are set in the approximate present—and came up with a winner: Brother Cadfael, a Crusader turned Benedictine monk. (By the way, people to whom I've mentioned these books have asked if they are takeoffs on *The Name of the Rose*. Apparently not: The Italian novel was copyrighted three years after the first of the Brother Cadfael series.) These novels are set against the long, rambling war between Stephen and Matilda (a/k/a the Empress Maud) in



the mid twelfth century. There are ample opportunities here for anachronism and what C. S. Lewis called "chronological snobbery," but Miss Peters has mostly avoided them. Her novels lament war, but celebrate soldiers. ("Cadfael's warrior blood, long since abjured, had a way of coming to the boil when he heard steel in the offing. His chief uneasiness was that he could not be truly penitent about it. His king was not of this world, but in this world he could not help having a preference.") They portray strong and resourceful women who do not chafe against their roles as daughters, wives, mothers. (Cadfael, upon arriving at the house of old friends of his and learning that the husband is out, says to the wife: "Had [he] been here, I would have begged the loan of you of your lord in a proper civil fashion, but as things are . . . I need you for an hour or two. Will you ride with me in a good cause?" and she replies, "I'll lend myself for any enterprise you tell me is urgent.") They accept the Christian world view wholeheartedly, and do not gloss over their characters' lapses. There is little a reviewer can say about the plot or characters of any mystery novel without giving away too much of the first-reading suspense; with the Chronicles of Brother Cadfael, one would risk revealing the outcome of earlier novels in the series as well. Suffice it to say that in addition to the suspense and the puzzle element that one expects from any mystery, this novel movingly portrays a man whom one might describe as the obverse of Tolstoi's Prince Andrei. But fine as *An Excellent Mystery* is, I would advise anyone who is inclined to try Ellis Peters to put it aside, go back to the first in the series—*A Morbid Taste for Bones*—and read the Chronicles of Brother Cadfael in order.

LINDA BRIDGES

The Harvard Guide to Influential Books, edited by C. Maury Devine, Claudia M. Dissel, and Kim D. Parrish (Harper & Row, 300 pp., $7.95)

THE SUBTITLE of this curiously amusing reference work of sorts, *113 Eminent Harvard Professors Discuss the Books That Have Shaped Their Thinking*, like much of the pedagogy practiced not only at Harvard but in other great universities as well, is simply misleading. Clearly, most of the professors listed in this compendium cannot be regarded as eminent at all. Some of them, in more ways than one, are positively obscure. In any case, it was the idea of the editors, three Harvard alumni, to ask more than one hundred of the two thousand full-time faculty members associated with Harvard University to comment

(Continues on page 62)

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SO WHAT?

NEW YORK, NOV. 5

SO THEN, what have we learned from the recent experience at the polls? Waal, said the wise man, reflecting on it all—nothing. That's right, nothing. Democracy, the late Max Eastman pointed out, is most valuable as a negative instrument: The opportunity for the voters to tell their governors to get out of town and send in a new set of people. No such thing was done on Tuesday. A shift of 10 per cent in the Senate has melodramatic consequences in terms of Senate leadership, but none at all in terms of voters, who didn't go to the polls motivated by whom they wished to see organizing the Senate. They went to the polls to vote for this man or the other, and it happened that the sum total of votes for Democratic senators exceeded votes for Republican senators. Adding up to?

But here is what they will try (are trying) to make of it. The very day after the election, Democratic front-runner Gary Hart had a piece ready for the *New York Times*. In a single paragraph he lists the complaints of the people, whom he tacitly identifies as backers of the Democratic Party. "First, we must acknowledge the dark side of Reaganomics' legacy: California's Silicon and Pennsylvania's Monongahela Valleys are both reeling from a quadrupled trade debt. Steel employment has been cut to half. Farm foreclosures are at record levels. The march toward energy independence is in chaotic retreat, with net oil imports up 36 per cent in one year. Bulging bank debts threaten Latin American democracies and United States financial institutions from the oil patch to the Farm Belt."

So there are problems. Our high-tech people are losing out in their competitive struggle with South Koreans and Japanese. Well, Reaganomics is as much to blame for that as Halley's Comet. The problem of American competition is a problem of productivity. Productivity is hampered by overhead. Overhead is what happens when there is a substantial difference between the cost of hiring labor, and the earnings that accrue to labor. And the reason for that difference, which is called the wedge, is—public spending. Senator Hart, whose ADA rating is one hundred, isn't about to lessen that overhead.

Why are there so many farm foreclosures? One agricultural specialist recently put it this way. Look, he said: America has 11 million cows, but Americans consume the product of only ten million cows. There are two ways of lessening the cow population: the old Henry Wallace way (slaughter a million of them) or the market way (the owners of one million cows go broke, and they go off and do something else). That solution is not associated with Reaganomics (the Reagan Administration has pumped money into agriculture at a historic rate), and is certainly not that of Gary Hart, who considers every one of those cows a pet.

The march toward energy independence is the result of the collapse of OPEC, which is a triumph of Reaganomics, not the reverse. The sclerosis in the search for fresh energy is the blight of the environmentalists, who fetishistically distrust nuclear power and whose idol is—Gary Hart. The bulging bank debts are the result of improvident loans by American capitalists who should be made to suffer for their incontinence. But voters did not go out in droves to punish Ronald Reagan for saving the Continental Illinois Bank.

What Senator Hart goes on to read as a mandate for the Democratic Party reminds one of the remark by Ezra Pound about William Carlos Williams ("the most incoherent man who ever gargled"). He gives a few murky paragraphs that intensive cryptography translates into: Protect possible Democratic voters by putting a tariff on imports, and think big about educating the future generation. That plus some ham will get you—another Republican landslide the next time the issue becomes national, as was the case in 1980, and in 1984.

Yes, that is the surviving datum of the current election, namely that the popularity of the man who is the chosen leader of the country stands absolutely unchallenged. The pundits are going cuckoo over the plurality of Mario Cuomo in the state of New York. He won 65 per cent of the vote, triple exclamation points!!! From the Battery in Manhattan to Niagara Falls. Whee!!! Well, the popularity of Ronald Reagan, after six years in office, from the Battery in Manhattan to the Golden Gate Bridge was 67 per cent last June.

The Democrats lost out in the governorship races, and made a little progress in the Senate races, approximating the big edge they have had all along in the House of Representatives. From all of which we learn, to repeat the profound statement of the Wise Man—nothing. □

CLEAN UP THE NICARAGUA ACT

NEW YORK, NOV. 3

CONCERNING the endless problems in Nicaragua, a few observations:

1. Although it is correct to charge that the Sandinistas are conducting a show trial of Mr. Eugene Hasenfus, the surviving crew member in the crash of the airplane flying over Nicaraguan territory, it is not therefore correct to conclude that Hasenfus is being framed. It's true he was not permitted the counsel of his choice, true that Mr. Griffin Bell's proffer of expert legal help was turned down on phony grounds, true that there is no free press to report on the proceedings—true, therefore, that by American standards, the trial of Hasenfus would have been tossed out on reversible error a dozen times by now. All very well, giving us fuel for hueing and crying over Nicaraguan justice. But between us girls, we know the salient facts, and they are that Hasenfus was flying ammunition designed to be used against the Sandinistas. In other words, that he was, under Nicaraguan law, just as guilty as if he had been tried by a jury composed of Oliver Wendell Holmes's 12 sons.

2. The American people have every reason to be disturbed by the stories that have issued out of Washington. We had the President himself saying that Hasenfus's flight was not a government operation. Okay. But not altogether okay if credibility here is the major question at stake. Because day after day, the contacts that Hasenfus and his dead colleagues had had with government people became public knowledge, and it was increasingly clear that although we must assume that Mr. Reagan correctly told us that that particular flight was not a CIA operation, it is logical to assume that the flight would not have taken place without covert cooperation of

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a critical nature. We know that the aircraft once belonged to a company that fronted for the CIA, we know that retired generals were indirectly involved in this or that feature of the operation. And so we know that most sophisticated observers are prepared to say: Whatever the technicalities, in fact we have here an airplane full of ammunition flying over Nicaragua, which flight would almost certainly not have been possible without American cooperation, however oblique.

3. Now, as a matter of timing, it is true that as of one week ago, Congress once again declared de facto war on the Nicaraguan government. Once again, because in the fall of 1984, Congress moved to suspend all military aid to the Contras, this in reaction to a ruling of the World Court about our surreptitious mining of the Nicaraguan harbors. And it is true that the day the aircraft was shot down was several weeks before the new official congressional attitude toward military aid. In other words, a strong case can be made for it that the flight expressly violated a congressional ban on military activity against the Sandinistas, the law at that time, even though it is not the law today.

All of which reminds us of the preposterous confusions we have inflicted on ourselves over the past few years in dealing with Nicaragua. Although it is progressively clearer that the Sandinistas are engaged in satellizing Nicaragua to the international Communist movement, and although visitor after visitor to Nicaragua returns despondent over the progressive totalitarianization of life there—still, the government of the United States declines to take that decisive step that is so important if we would re-order the prevailing shambles. Ideally the Congress of the United States, at the request of the President, should declare war on the government of Nicaragua, citing its violations of the territorial integrity of neighboring states to whose independence we are pledged under the terms of the Rio Pact. But it is too late for this, and Congress, in refusing to declare war, would weaken the President's position. But surely if England can sever diplomatic relations with Syria over one terrorist episode, the United States can sever relations with the Nicaraguan government in response to countless acts of aggression against Latin American states with which we have treaty relations. To what end? To the end of regularizing our help to the Contras. Our diplomacy is not noted for observance of mandarin niceties of protocol, but surely we could do better by simply terminating our recognition of a government we seek to depose?

A recent account of the liberties taken by Franklin Delano Roosevelt during 1939-1941 reminds us that at several points J. Edgar Hoover, then running the FBI, threw up his hands in quiet despair. FDR was violating neutrality laws right and left in his efforts to help France and Great Britain during their hours of need. Retroactive history justifies what Mr. Roosevelt did, reminding us that in all our history we have declared war five times and involved ourselves in two hundred military ventures. Reagan is supporting the right people in Central America, but he is making it unnecessarily difficult to defend our conduct of that policy. □

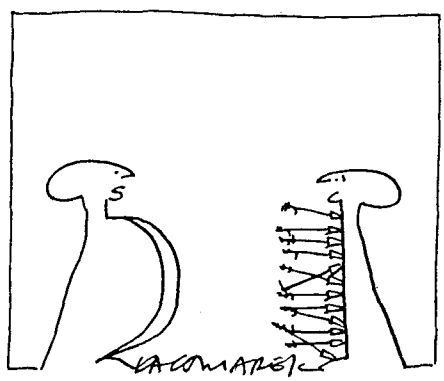
AIRLINE TALK

NEW YORK, NOV. 7

PROFESSOR Alfred Kahn, who presided over the liquidation of the old ways by introducing deregulation of the airlines, proudly holds up as testimonial to his good work that the consumer is paying substantially less (20 per cent is a figure commonly used) than he was paying under regulation, and, as they say in the trade, that is the bottom line. In a market society the consumer is, and ought to be, king. However, the question is legitimately asked, To what extent have those airline travelers been riding on credit?

Whose credit? Why, the credit of the capitalist, the investor. If a consortium of investors brings together one hundred million dollars to start airline service between Atlanta and Chicago and sells tickets for ten dollars a ride, the statistician can gleefully note down the savings of Atlanta-Chicago passengers, but before very long, the Madman Muntz Airline is going to go out of business, and statistics on a very different ledger are going to show that one hundred million dollars of risk capital unhappily disappeared.

Last week I flew the hour's flight from Los Angeles to San Francisco, first class, and noted with a start that my ticket had cost $180. Last summer, I flew tourist class from New York to San Francisco and back for $194. That was ten hours of flying, making the contrast dramatic. United was charging ten times as much per hour in the air in the one case as in the other. Granted, one was first class, but it is not seriously suggested that first class should be ten times tourist class: what it is, is the wild scramble for opportunistic fares. Philanthropy today, extortion tomorrow.



"You're a glutton for punishment, aren't you?"

All of this will shake down, but when it does, expect that the surviving airlines are going to demand solvency, and many of the apparently eternal advantages of deregulation are going to fly away over the horizon. So . . . Deregulation, Yes; Free Travel, No.

On another front, airlines have, in their service, become slaves to the movies. Flying San Francisco to New York on TWA, we departed at 9:15 A.M. At 10:15 A.M. the passengers were offered a sumptuous—breakfast. Now anyone who has a flight at 9:15 will have eaten breakfast, so that being served at 10:15 is the equivalent of being served lunch at 10:15. Why not wait until noon? To do so gets in the way of the movie. Swissair leaves Geneva for New York at 2:30 P.M. and, I kid you not, serves you a Lucullan meal at 4 P.M., which is milk-and-cracker time for English kiddies.

But it all pales up against the latest social amenity experienced at the hands of Pan Am. The stewardess was taking drink orders for after the passengers were airborne, and had on her clipboard the names of the passengers, alongside which she would scribble in their choices. She came to me and said, "Mr. Buckley. Now, what do you wish to be called?"

This had never happened to me before, and I was struck quite dumb. I recalled the secret name I was assigned during my months in the CIA. The two serial numbers I had while in the infantry flashed through my mind. I faintly recalled being told by my mother that I had been baptized not William Frank, as requested, but William Francis, because the priest had said huffily that there was no "St. Frank," only a St. Francis. I was able only to gurgle, "Mr. Buckley," which provoked a cheerful, "Very well," with just a trace of if-you-want-to-be-stuffy,-it's-okay-by-Pan-Am, and she was off, accosting the gentleman behind me with the same questions. He opted for a Bloody Mary, and to be called Phil.

And what do you, madam, sir, wish to be called? Lillykins? Butch? It would be fun to try it out on the Pope traveling incognito. Ah, Mr. Wojtyla, what would you like to be called? "Just call me Bishop of Rome, Vicar of Jesus Christ, Successor of St. Peter, Prince of the Apostles, Supreme Pontiff, Patriarch of the West, Primate of Italy, Archbishop and Metropolitan of the Roman Province, and Sovereign of the State of Vatican City." Evelyn Waugh was right. Intimacy, yes; formality, yes; informality, no. □

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

(Continued from page 59)

on the five or six books that have most influenced them. As one might have expected, many of the professors responded with a degree of laxity that they probably would not tolerate in their students. The award for the biggest howler goes to someone who, apparently, had to read *The Canterbury Tales* in the modern "translation" by Nevill Coghill. Or is it possible that the bright young editors themselves cannot read Chaucer fresh and whole? Another surprise is that more than an isolated few of Harvard's future professors came to their initial knowledge of influential books through the Classic Illustrated Comics. A professor of English says that a reading of *Three Soldiers*, by John Dos Passos, made him a pacifist, though one might have wished for a more substantial exercise of mind on such a question. And how nice it is to know that John Kenneth Galbraith enjoys the lighter things—but, really, Somerset Maugham's *Christmas Holiday*? Still, the somewhat alarming good news is that at Harvard it is *The Bible* (KJV) that earns the greatest number of citations (12), and thus registers the great liberal institution as having something in common with the Bible Belt fundamentalists after all, though a little this side of a Pat Robertson endorsement. The second largest number of citations (11) goes to William Shakespeare, of course, followed by such runners-up as Mark Twain and Sigmund Freud. It seems that Karl Marx is on the wane, with only three citations, and those from professors of government and law. And yet the most wistful disclosure in *The Harvard Guide* may be found in two sentences from the preface: "There were some" —that is to say, faculty members interviewed for the project—"who were too busy and still others who found the exercise too personal, too painful, or too pointless. We were most comfortable with the professors emeriti, and they were most comfortable with books." At Harvard, then, this indicates an older and passing generation of highly literate scholars now being replaced by members of the computer generation and by those in obviously contrived special studies. The illiterates are gaining. THOMAS P. MCDONNELL

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LEJEUNE

(Continued from page 38)

policies of Margaret Thatcher's Conservative government, aimed at spreading popular capitalism, have been (admittedly, so far, in a rather casino-style way) spectacularly successful. Two years ago Britain's telephone system was privatized and floated on the market as a company called, regrettably, British Telecom. Spurred by a lavish advertising campaign, two million people bought shares and made, actually or on paper, an instant profit. Those who kept their shares are now threatened by the Labour Party's plan to renationalize on deliberately penal terms. Then, a few weeks ago, the Trustee Savings Bank (TSB) was privatized with even greater success—one newspaper said that the share application form was the nearest thing it had ever published to a voucher for a hundred pounds. Five million people applied for shares: a ballot was held, and three million received a scaled-down allocation. Those who sold at once merely doubled their money. Next comes British Gas, which will be the biggest share-sale ever; then British Airways . . .

The government, of course, took great care that these first privatization issues should be a success. After creating, as it claims, a home-owning democracy by the sale of municipal housing (and far more people than ever before do now own the houses they live in), it hopes to create a share-owning democracy. The proportion of individual shareholders remains much lower in Britain than in America, but the British Telecom and TSB flotations have brought in literally millions of people who previously never dreamt of owning a share.

Just as the whiz kids of the Big Bang bear little resemblance to the solid City merchants of *The Forsyte Saga*, so these small-packet gambles are not really investments in any sense that Soames Forsyte would have recognized. But the public has enjoyed them, despite fuming on the Left. New attitudes to investment—to capitalism —may take root, grow, and mature. If so, the Big Bang and all its attendant phenomena could have a political and social impact extending far beyond the City of London. Something will have been lost—it always is—but much more will have been gained. □

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

PATRICK BUCHANAN:

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TRANS-O-GRAM / KEM PUTNEY

DEFINITIONS

A. His lucky number was 969 — 118 91 81 8 132 184 50 31 61 112

B. Seaport in western France (2 words) — 157 5 26 125 104 82 34 175 189 94

C. Always around (2 words) — 160 178 83 186 44 95 66 114 140 20

D. Took to the streets — 33 14 103 153 168 120 3

E. The chef used his brains when he made these! — 38 148 115 167 58 71 101

F. Noted First Lady — 195 90 179 105 169 109 27

G. Bent — 124 108 21 45 11 194 156 88 65

H. College in western Virginia — 163 177 49 24 119 15 93

I. Noted Bunker — 182 67 174 41 77 22 149 53 99

J. City in western North Carolina — 35 96 128 164 107 87 6 57 188

K. Calvary — 76 137 122 36 192 147 80 30

L. ABC needs them; HBO doesn't — 180 9 106 60 155 86 133 47

M. Descriptive of nineteenth-century Russian revolutionaries — 51 78 39 193 7 68 165 89 113 135

N. Driver's license, at times — 173 25 129 75 111 2 123 145 190 16 52 166 85 42

O. Superpower talks — 141 187 13 63 48 127 183

P. Some run for it — 19 55 143 74 185 46

Q. Haarlem is its capital (2 words) — 117 142 23 170 4 144 152 134 181 92 69 32

R. Children's game —popular in Edinburgh? — 97 56 162 10 130 43 79 139 154

S. Western state — 138 70 158 191 54

T. Former Mideast leader — 146 72 12 100 159

U. Henry Clay, et al. — 64 131 37 102 28 161 171

V. Fancy — 116 176 18 126 62 150

W. Sydney is its capital (3 words) — 29 98 172 84 59 110 17 136 1 40 73 121 151

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 64 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

	1 W	2 N	3 C	4 Q		5 B	6 J	7 M		8 A	9 L	10 R		11 G	12 T
13 O	14 D	15 H	16 N	17 W	18 V	19 P	20 C		21 G	22 I	23 Q		24 H	25 N	26 B
	27 F	28 U	29 W	30 K	31 A	32 Q		33 D	34 B	35 J	36 K	37 U	38 E		39 M
40 W	41 I		42 N	43 R		44 C	45 G	46 P	47 L	48 O	49 H	50 A	51 M	52 N	
53 I	54 S		55 P	56 R	57 J	58 E	59 W	60 L		61 A	62 V		63 O	64 U	65 G
66 C	67 I		68 M	69 Q		70 S	71 E	72 T	73 W	74 P	75 N	76 K		77 I	78 M
79 R	80 K		81 A	82 B	83 C		84 W	85 N	86 L	87 J	88 G	89 M		90 F	91 A
92 Q	93 H	94 B	95 C	96 J		97 R	98 W		99 I	100T	101E		102U	103D	
104B	105F	106L	107J	108G		109F	110W	111N		112A	113M	114C		115E	116V
117Q		118A	119H	120D	121W	122K		123N	124G	125B	126V		127O	128J	129N
	130R	131U	132A	133L	134Q		135M	136W	137K	138S	139R	140C	141O		142Q
143P		144Q	145N	146T	147K	148E	149I	150V		151W	152Q		153D	154R	155L
156G		157B	158S	159T	160C	161U		162R	163H	164J	165M	166N	167E	168D	169F
170Q	171U		172W	173N	174I	175B		176V	177H	178C	179F		180L		181Q
182I	183O	184A		185P	186C	187O	188J	189B		190N	191S	192K	193M	194G	195F

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